

TORONTO'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

GREENWAY'S defeat in Manitoba was not unexpected by those who have been watching the course of events in the Prairie Province. The question whether Mr. Greenway was a statesman or merely a stolid adventurer will probably never be answered. That he had ability cannot be denied, for no man who is without considerable administrative tact could have held office for so many years. That he was a great man nobody can affirm, for the silence which made him the Sphinx of the West may have been nothing more than the absence of something definite to say. He was always fortunate in the men whom he had about him, his Ministers being young, popular, aggressive and honest. Many times I have heard in Manitoba that Greenway was the least respected of any member of the Cabinet, but it matters not whether this was or was not a fact; Greenway was personally elected, while his most popular Minister, Hon. J. D. Cameron, was beaten.

It is not my business to account for the defeat of the Manitoba Government upon party grounds. Hugh John Macdonald, the new Premier, was without doubt the most popular man in Winnipeg, and is probably the most popular man in Canada. His personal influence contributed greatly to the success of his party. A long and personally supervised organization added to the certainty of success which Mr. Macdonald always felt. The division in the ranks of the Liberals was another important element; not only those opposed to Mr. Greenway, but those who had a knife sharpened for Mr. Sifton, were the strongest allies of Hugh John Macdonald. Voice and influence were given to the revolting Liberals by the *Tribune*, controlled by Mr. Richardson, M.P., who is one of the most stalwart kickers amongst the Liberals of the West. Personally, I cannot conceive how the Greenway Government hoped to survive the fight made upon them by the Conservatives and the recalcitrant Grits. During a three days' visit to Winnipeg last summer, I made up my mind that something had to go, and I am not quite sure that everything has gone which the kickers are out to get rid of.

The main question, as I pointed out in the summer, was that of transportation. Of course this is the main question in Canada. To get cheaply to tide water what we produce is becoming every day more important. Crops and products of all sorts, to become exportable, have to be cheaply conveyed to ports where there is a competition in the trans-Atlantic carrying trade. Manitoba demanded, not unjustly, that she should have an "open door" to the lakes. Nothing that the East can do for the establishment of a Collingwood-Toronto Air Line of cheap lake freights can permanently cure the Western irritation over the heavy tax which they all feel when getting their products to the head of Lake Superior.

To be more explicit, let it be understood that we may have a line of railroads under Government control built from Toronto to Ottawa; we may have steamers ready to take the grain at Toronto and carry it to tide water; then we may have steamers ready to bring it from Port Arthur or Fort William or Duluth to Collingwood, and we are still utterly unable to cope with the question of the export rate which the farmers of the West must pay to get their crops to the ocean. Freights may be extremely cheap under the new system from Fort William or Port Arthur to Montreal, or some still more easterly port, but if the C.P.R. and the Mackenzie and Mann roads, which are the only Canadian outlets from the prairies to the lakes, combine in a rate excessive in its amount, nothing will have been accomplished in cheapening either exports or imports. It is not to be presumed that two railroads, to a certain extent paralleling one another and occupying the only available districts in which local traffic of any quantity can be obtained, will refrain from making a common rate from Winnipeg to the Lakes. It may be that both routes are now practically under one management; it may be that they are bitterly opposed to one another; it matters little or nothing, for in the future both, consulting their own interests, will make a traffic arrangement or come under one management. The Federal Government and the Ontario Government alike subsidized the Rainy River route, otherwise known as the Mackenzie and Mann line, and did not, as I think they should have done, build a Government road. It is quite possible that the kickers in Manitoba would have been dissatisfied no matter what either the Dominion or Ontario Government did, but if this National line had been constructed or put under way the entire grievance of the West would have been removed and the "open door" from the prairies to the lakes would have been established. The undertaking may have seemed too great for the government concerned, but I am doubtful if anything that either can do will remove the unhappy feeling of the Westerners that the subsidies and land grants were given to favor a private concern rather than for the public good.

Personally I do not take this view of it; I am convinced the Governments did the best they knew how, but I am firmly convinced that neither the Government which recently went out of power at Ottawa, nor the Government which is in power now, nor the Government which is tottering in Ontario, nor the one which is liable to succeed it, has any definite railroad policy deserving of the support of the people. It must be understood that transportation is the keynote of development and success, but no one can fail to observe that in the piecemeal policy of those who are either in or trying to get into power, no large project is being discussed.

Thus it is vain that we turn out Governments or make revolt over small things. As a people the Canadians must have a definite understanding of what they need, and demand it. Until this is done, no Government will fight the present enormous corporations. Now and then we will see defeats of Governments, such as the spectacle observed in Manitoba, but from this we can hope for no good general result.

The Northern Pacific Railway Company was no doubt a factor in the defeat of the Greenway Government. The Northern Pacific is not a friend of Manitoba, though it is said that the Martin faction of the Liberals have a close relation with the Northern Pacific that their interest and the interests of that road are to a certain extent identical. No section of Canada can look to Yankee roads for liberation from the shackles of railway tyranny. We must free ourselves and be dependent upon ourselves for permanent freedom. Manitoba in its revolt against the policy of Mr. Greenway may possibly have convinced the Dominion Government that it will no longer stand public money given to private concerns, but it is not one inch nearer freedom from corporation exactions than it was when Mr. Greenway was in power.

Much as I personally esteem Hugh John Macdonald, who is deservedly one of the most popular and estimable men in Canada, I cannot see how he can relieve Manitoba from C.P.R. control, when he and his partner, Mr. Tupper, are solicitors for the Canadian Pacific, and naturally must be in sympathy with the policy of that road. It is not impossible that the Canadian Pacific assisted to place Mr. Macdonald at the head of the pols. Railroads have no politics but their own interests. Unfortunately the people fight for one railway and against another, while at all times they are blind to the fact that railroads are looking for business and not for public convenience or the satisfaction of those who demand reduced rates. Bearing in mind all these points, it cannot be said that Manitoba has made the slightest advance towards a settlement of her transportation question.

As to the school question which has so greatly disturbed Manitoba, it must be remarked that the three French constituencies elected Liberals, thereby strengthening the contention

of the Quebec Liberals that the settlement of this disturbing question was satisfactory to their co-religionists of the West. That Mr. Greenway receded from his original and stalwart position with regard to the school question, undoubtedly made him many enemies. Indeed, it must not be forgotten that from the very beginning of the Manitoba school question every recession from the original secular English-speaking Public school has weakened the Greenway Government. The mixed and somewhat vaguely administered act at present in force apparently satisfies the French-Canadians much better than it does the Protestant element, which has often clamored for some concession to orthodoxy religious opinion.

As to Greenway's defeat being an indication of the general feeling of the country, or as to its being indicative of discontent with Sir Wilfrid Laurier's administration, no one can say anything definitely. One thing, however, must be born in mind, and that is that Manitoba, while being the chief cause of the overturn of the Tupper Government, and apparently desiring the result which was achieved, gave extraordinary majorities for some Tupper candidates who had no reason on earth, either popular or political, to be elected.

Manitoba in the past has shown itself venal in political elections, and in the present instance is no doubt acting entirely

Grenadiers and the Highlanders are both without bands. The Queen's Own band was not disturbed by the alteration, and consequently remains intact. It is not difficult to see the finish of this sort of thing. The regiments may go without bands for a year and not hurt themselves. Independent bands may or may not make a good living in the meantime, but there will be a general embarrassment caused which will make the band union a hated thing and leave a nasty taste in the mouths of thousands of people to whom trade unionism and its results are practically unknown as a disagreeable factor. Unionism is a useful thing, but it must be administered with some sort of judgment in order to keep it from becoming hateful, and I am quite sure that all Union men will agree with me in this statement.

WHO will not incline to a belief in fatalism after reading the story of thirteen-year-old Ida Knight, who, near Bowmanville, tried to poison her employers and burn down their domicile? Mr. Frank Osborne and his wife, with whom she lived, and whose children she had in charge, treated her well, and though she has confessed her crime she says that she had no grudge against them. The "spirit of the Lord," she said, impelled her to make confession, but one must ask whose spirit compelled this child to poison the food, cut up the carpets, break

humor of the child, and age may bring wisdom, and experience may temper and even sweeten bad dispositions, yet as it is impossible to change the spots of the leopard, so it is impossible to eradicate from one born with bad impulses the secret spring of evil which may almost, if not entirely, force the adult into the commission of offences.

I only mention these matters that we may become more charitable to those who occasionally do extraordinarily improper things. I feel quite convinced that there is more danger in the black blood of those who are always inclined to be false and unfaithful, than in the bad impulses which only occasionally assert themselves. Violent dispositions are often capable of the strongest attachments. Even criminal instincts frequently find gentle methods of forgetting that there is anyone who deserves proper treatment, excepting those near and dear to the possessor of the unfortunate quality of violent attachment and violent dislike. I would rather live with a person possessed of even a tendency to fiendish reprisal, than be every day the companion of one who is false and whose every instinct is that of Judas. The punishment to be awarded to those who are calmly and systematically untrue to everybody can never be meted out on this earth, and it seems to me that we should be careful in handling those who seem to be the victims of Fate, lest in our desire to reduce society to an even level we kill the good in those who are capable of great good, because in some irresponsible moment they have shown themselves capable of great evil.

THE four Ontario by-elections held on Tuesday seem to have decided nothing. South Ontario and South Brant gave sweeping majorities for the Government, which even the Administration admits they did not expect. The two Elgin's went Conservative by a combined majority of less than a hundred, and the gain of a much contested seat is all that Mr. Whitney has to remind him that his party was working overtime to do something splendid. It is unnecessary and it would be unpleasant to go into the details of the fights and cross-fights in these constituencies. The *Toronto World*, which is as shrewd an observer of affairs as we have with us, seizes the opportunity to give Mr. Whitney a lecture. This indicates that the *World* believes that the Manitoba Conservatives having set the pace and won a victory, the leader of the Ontario Opposition should consider himself spanked by the constituencies he has just appealed to. The *World* practically tells Mr. Whitney that he does not understand his business, and that he has been "unequally yoked with unbelievers" of some sort. I quite agree with the *World* that Mr. Whitney has nothing to brag about and that he has missed the tide with which his friends expected him to make great headway. Unless he is deposed and a reorganization of the Opposition effected, the Ross Government will be a winner. The wind is blowing all the flags in that direction, and as I have pointed out in another paragraph, this should not have been so had Mr. Whitney been properly seized of the facts or capable of making use of an extraordinarily great opportunity.

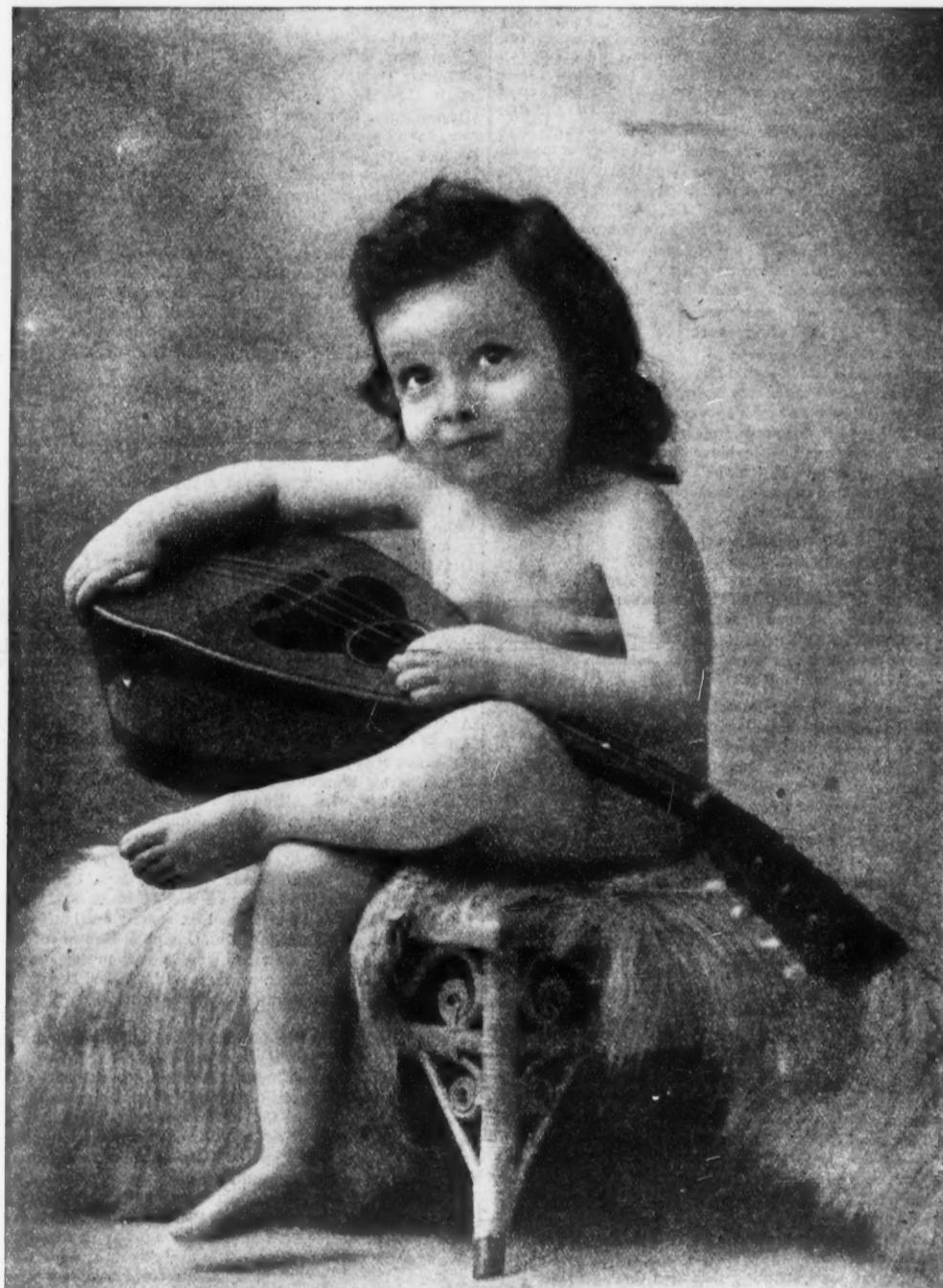
WHO will sign the municipal cheque next year? Will it be a man whose own cheque never was any good?

D R. PARKIN of Upper Canada College, when speaking at the Principals' dinner the other night, referred with great bitterness to the tendency to improperly pay school teachers, and to cast them aside when they became sixty years old. I am a great admirer of Dr. Parkin, and I never had discovered the quality of his temper—as we seldom discover the quality of another's temper until he speaks of his own affairs, particularly his grievances. Dr. Parkin is right, that school teachers obtain too little for their services; are not sufficiently esteemed in the community; are too readily cast off when newer methods and more aggressive men come into sight. But Dr. Parkin must understand that this is the way of the world, not with regard to schoolmasters only, but with regard to everybody.

What is more pitiful than the spectacle of an old preacher who probably from youth has been pious, painstaking, frugal, and devoted to his work? Thousands of miles this poor old man has tramped; tens of thousands of times his hands have been clasped in prayer over the sick, the dying, the penitent, and perhaps before the faces of the careless and the ungodly. Tens of thousands of times he has asked God to help him and those over whose lives he felt that he had, or should have had, some influence. He has seen these people die without pensions, without the comforts of life, or the decencies even which go with civilized death. He has preached before the great as well as the poor. He has had positions of honor as well as of poverty. Finally his very promotion to a city congregation and his failure to please, have perhaps convinced the governing body of his church that his usefulness was gone. He is too old; he is pushed aside, probably with some beggarly retiring allowance. Nevertheless, he is pushed aside. In him as strong as ever is that power of prayer; unweakened in his heart is the belief in God; undiminished is the fire which has moved many to penitence and to a better life; but he is shoved into a corner to die. This being true, why should Dr. Parkin complain? Why should the editor complain who at fifty is a washed-out thing who must make way for some younger man? Why should anybody complain because age detracts from their usefulness and experience is considered of much less account than energy?

Indeed, I would ask Dr. Parkin to consider how it is possible for a community to properly take care of its old people, if in their youth they did not take care of their future. There can be no system invented whereby old age shall hold a mortgage upon the past or a definite title to the future. The race hard, and if it is long it is often cruel. Of course each man hopes that the race will be long. He is stingy of his energies, is often over-careful of his virtues, not because they are virtues, but that they may prolong his life, and when life is prolonged and poverty touches him, he complains. Who can say that the man who lives bountifully, takes all that the world has during every hour of his journey, and dies young, is not better off than these poor old fellows who kick because they cannot live forever, and who find the world tired of them before they are ready to quit their job? Who is making complaint on behalf of the young men who have had it all and are in their graves now? Who is writing epitaphs, or wreathing flowers about the graves of those who have had their time and are dead? We cannot have our cake and eat it. The philosophy of the world has not provided for people who live long and have not provided for themselves. The easy-going ethics of the age provide for nothing except to day, and even the sacred writers admonish us to "take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

No, my dear Dr. Parkin, we should not complain. If God has given us the privilege of old age we must take the sorrows of it. Whether we be schoolteachers, or preachers, or lawyers, or doctors, or men who work in the drain, or plow the fields, or stumble through the tunnels of a mine, the rheumatism, the stiff joints, the aching back, the chill that creeps up with poor circulation and perhaps bad food—all these must come with age. The poor old mother bends low with the care that she has had and as a result of children she has borne. It is age, and the children have gone and forgotten her, save when they come at Christmas or see her once in a while and kiss her poor stiff lips—and this is age and its penalty. She may cry in the night and weep her pillow with tears because her children have half forgotten her, but it is the penalty of age. If our children forget us, and even tenderly put us aside, what can we expect the world to do for us?



THE LITTLE MANDOLIN PLAYER.

from the point of view of self-interest. Whether it has properly appreciated what is its interest is not for the people of the East to decide. What is left for the people of the East to determine is whether Manitoba, being so intensely absorbed in its own affairs without regard to the necessities which make further Government railroads largely impracticable, should be permitted to influence our politics to the extent which they desire, and whether our ear shall be all the time filled with the clamor of those who have been the beneficiaries of the largest taxes which the eastern sections of the Dominion have been made to pay.

THE court's decision not to permit caddies to be employed on Sunday is perhaps all right; it is immaterial, for if a man cares enough for golf to play it on Sunday he may quite well carry his own sticks or manage to do with an incomplete outfit. The feature which makes golf a permissible Sunday exercise is the physical good likely to result to the player. However, the whole legal aspect of the affair is a very one-horse aspect of it, and those injured most are liable to be the boys who might earn a half a dollar to help pay the rent. Canada will not be more wicked nor its progress slower when these one-eyed magistrates, working on a cross-eyed law, cease delivering themselves of these squirt-gun opinions. If it is not their fault, then there should be some revision of the law which tends to embarrass rather than correct people.

ANOTHER pettifogging phase of life in Toronto has been developed in the two regimental bands which were sent back to the ranks on Tuesday night. I had something to say about Unionism the other week which was not altogether laudatory, yet what are we to think of this trade combination idea extending into the volunteer force and the army generally? It is an absurdity! The two bands in question decided that no one not a member of the Protective Association should be allowed to play except when on military duty. Of course the Union then proceeded to define military duty, and the definition was one which the officers of the regiments could not for a moment accept, and the organizations were disbanded. The

furniture and set the house on fire? Not education, but heredity, seems to be to blame for the criminal freak of this child of evil emotion. How should the community punish her? Where should she be confined? How should she be taught? How, indeed, can she be reformed and made into a safe member of society? A "safe member of society" is a rather vague term, but by it I mean a person who is not expected to do terrible things, and who does not need to be watched every hour of the day and night lest he or she applies the torch or resorts to the use of poison because some mad impulse overcomes him or her. Can we hope to make a good woman out of such material as Ida Knight? It is possible that her love for some man may cause her to forget the devilish streak in her nature, yet it is quite possible that the same love for some man may develop another phase of it. With some people, the emotion which is purest and best in others is the cause of outrageous conduct or may result in crime of the most horrible sort.

In glaring cases like that of Ida Knight we find the instances which tend to prove that some of the most frightful criminals are apparently irresponsible, but we cannot forget that people who are not criminal, or those who are only mildly prone to do wrong things, have something in them which they cannot resist. Even in families one child may be violently wicked, perverse, and almost incapable of good, while all the others are well behaved and view with horror the conduct of the black sheep. Furthermore, some families are entirely exempt from black sheep, yet the black streak will every once in a while show itself in the children. Then again other families, not better bred perhaps, will be devoid of the black streak and the black sheep as well, while another family will have black streaks in all the children and probably a black sheep or two as well. It is hard to tell how to teach the youngsters who are prone to evil, that good is the better thing, that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that the wages of sin is death. It is almost enough to make one a Calvinist to sum these things up. It would be hard, however, to imagine that some children are born to do evil while others are born to be and do good. Facts, however, indicate that though circumstances may change the

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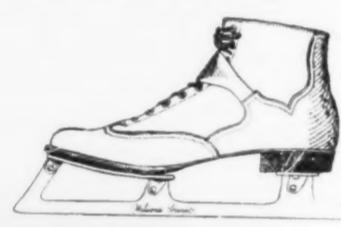
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Public Opinion and General Gatacre.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM GATACRE may find his most promising career darkened by the sorry accident that befell his force at Stormberg. Already he is being criticized, Lord Durham in a speech declaring that General Gatacre is not a fit person to be in command of a column, he having overworked his troops in the Sudan last year. Public opinion is very fickle—shouting in the papers one day that General White should get an earldom, and next day demanding his recall because in the intervening night some mules ran away with ammunition wagons. Fortunately commanding officers are beyond the reach of public opinion, and General Buller appears to be a man who has some contempt for it. He did not entrust a column to General Gatacre without reason, and he will not supersede him without very particular cause. A despatch published in October gave some particulars about Buller's Generals, and in that General Gatacre was referred to as follows:

It is General Gatacre that service men tacitly defer to most as their strongest man. A spare wiry man in his early fifties, serious and courteous, without much to say, Gatacre is probably not a hero with Tommy Atkins, even among his immediate subordinates. The admiration expressed for him is seen only by women. His officers are enthusiastic over his willingness to sleep in a ditch full of water as soon as in a camp bed, but there is a note of regret in their voices as they recall that he expects those about him to be as scornfully indifferent to personal comfort; yet it was semi-civil work that brought him into prominence. He organized and directed the plague relief work, two years ago, in Bombay. Last year he was again master of his opportunities when he received command of a brigade in the Sudan campaign. This is his first responsible work in South Africa, and he is chosen for it because the heads of the army have found that he is vigorous, thorough and not a self-advertiser.

This particular despatch was sent from Madeira, October 25, when the steamship Moor touched there with General Lord Methuen, General Sir William Gatacre, General Clery and their staffs on board. "The smoking-room talk," says the despatch, "is that the men in charge of this business have been unusually well chosen by the War Office, which, for once, is not reviled by its own service." This despatch—and again I would remind the reader of the date and source of it, which give it a possible importance that does not attach to other and later despatches written by men who are not in daily touch on shipboard with the generals of division and staff officers—says:

The prevalent belief is that Sir Redvers Buller will enter Pretoria early in February. His part of his plan of campaign, they say, is to inflict one signal, overwhelming defeat on the enemy before the final smaller operations.

Sir Francis Clery is described as a dark Irishman and one of the men in whom Lord Wolseley firmly believes. Of him the *Outlook* says: "He is as dapper as Sir George Wombwell himself, and is supposed to have mastered the theory of tactics better than any other English officer. An adept at kriegspiel, he is also proficient at bridge and whist. He has the reticence of Mr. Tree's detective in *The Red Lamp*, but he is almost always right when he makes one of his rare comments. Perhaps he would never originate a plan of campaign, but he would obey orders with a dogged determination to do or die. And all who know him would lay odds on the doing."

A Letter Short.

I'm short a letter—what that means
Is subject not for words, but feeling;
For all day long I pass through scenes,
Where not one sunbeam's glint is stealing.
There's no one but the lover knows
How much to Mulock he's a debtor,
Until he finds at some day's close
He's short a letter.

'Tis not that we expect a cheque,
Or princely gift, or special ticket,
When we so stretch and crane our neck
While waiting at the P. O. wicket;
It is that we expect from Her
Something we prize than all things better,
And feel most sad when we most fear
We're short a letter.

But wisdom says: Possess your soul
In patience—it will come to-morrow.
Ay! so may death, meanwhile the goal
Must yet be won through joy and sorrow;
And nothing can supply the want,
When our Beloved is the debtor
And fails to write us, and we can't
Receive our letter.

It seems as if we must away
And know the cause of Her condition;
For sure she must be ill, and may
Be needing much her own physician.
O foolish boy! she'll write in time,
And make you feel so much the better,
That you'll confess, despite your rhyme,
You've got your letter.

Markdale, Dec. 99.

J. R.

The Judge and Jury Slept.

AN interesting law case is reported from Chicago. The Chicago Street Railway is appealing a case on the ground that Judge Stern and several of the jurors in the former hearing of the case fell asleep while the company's lawyer was making argument. It is a novel cause of appeal, and no end of fun will be poked at the company's lawyer whose eloquence had so markedly soporific an effect upon not only the jury, but a learned listener like Judge Stern. It is perhaps surprising that we do not hear of judges falling asleep at Osgoode Hall sometimes. Newspaper men, who have learned counsel arguing there by the hour, are filled with admiration for the patience and endurance of judges. Often the judge knows the plaintiff's cause better than does the plaintiff's counsel, having grasped more fully than he the significance of the evidence, and being better posted as to the purport of the applicable statutes, yet the judge must sit there by the hour and hear counsel prose along drearily, making dull and incompetent use of the law and the facts at his disposal. If the judge does not go to sleep at times, it is because he owes something to himself and to his position. He must often feel a strong tendency to drowsiness.

A Dacial Reporter in New York.

A DESPATCH from New York appeared in the Toronto papers, on Saturday last, saying that the Duke of Manchester was at the Waldorf-Astoria, and was prevented by a nervous illness from sailing for Europe in response to a cablegram informing him that his sister, the Lady Alice Montagu, was seriously ill in Switzerland. It is probably not known in Canada that His Grace of Manchester descended some time ago from his high estate and joined the menagerie of notables who are special writers on the New York yellow *Journal*. The Duke is said to have been in communication with Mr. Harmsworth of the London *Mail*, with a view to undertaking some special work, when Mr. Hearst heard of it and secured him at a salary of \$2,000 a month. The bargain may be an abandonment of much by the Duke of Manchester, but it is a queer commentary upon the republicanism of the United States that one of its leading newspapers should pay \$24,000 a year for the privilege of boasting that it has a real live Duke on its staff of writers. To the *Journal* the Duke of Manchester is not a writer, but a title. His name in the paper is a striking dash of yellow. His Grace is also interesting himself in amateur theatricals, and the wealth, talent and beauty of New York pay extravagant court to his title. The illness of the Lady Alice Montagu may possibly upset arrangements for some swell theatricals at the Waldorf-Astoria in which His Grace was to occupy the center of the stage.

Speaking about titles, a despatch from London that might almost be described as pathetic appeared in the Toronto papers on Friday last. Viscount Bolingbroke died a few months ago, leaving one of the oldest and most esteemed titles in England and, as was supposed, no direct heirs. The pathetic feature of the despatch is in the statement that Rev. Maurice St. John

was about to assume the title and estates, when he learned that the late Viscount had four years ago, at the age of 75, married a barmaid in the Gaiety Theater bar, and that they have a little son, who is the legitimate heir and will be the Viscount Bolingbroke. The feelings of Rev. Maurice St. John and the indignation of upper tendon may be imagined.

If we are ever to have uniform spelling of geographic names in Canada we must bow to the authority of the Geographic Board of Canada, which was created in 1897 and has issued its first annual report. Here are some of the approved names and spellings: Teslin Lake and River (not Hootalinqua nor Teslin); Klondike (not Klondyke, Clondyke, nor Thronduick); Laberge Lake (not Labarge nor Lebarge); Lindeman, Lake (not Linderman nor Lyndeman); McQuesten River (not McQuesten); Stikine River (not Sticken nor Stikeen); Skagway River and town (not Skaguay nor Shagway).

Social and Personal.

Miss Veals' beautiful rooms were filled with a large company assembled to enjoy a programme of songs and instrumental music by the students of Glen Mawr last Friday evening. The young ladies were listened to with much pleasure, and after the concert was over dainty refreshments were served to the guests, who were evidently enjoying the affair very much, to judge by the merry ring of their voices and the brightness of their smiles. Miss Veals received in the drawing-room, and some of the invited guests were: The Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Sir J. H. and Lady Byrd, Hon. William and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cassels, Sir William and Lady Howland, Miss Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie, Dr. and Mrs. A. Jukes Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cartwright, Miss Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamilton, the Misses Hamilton, Mr. Andrew Crawford and the Misses Crawford, Mrs. Brough and the Misses Brough, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Monck, Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart, Rev. G. and Mrs. Kuhring, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Kirkland, Miss Kirkland, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dighton, Miss Dwight, Mr. and Mrs. Shepley, Mrs. and Miss Elwood, Mrs. Page Wadsworth, the Provost of Trinity and Mrs. Welch, Professor and Mrs. Clark, Miss Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. Rigby, Mrs. John Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. W. Boulbee, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kingstone and the Misses Kingstone, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Mrs. Parkin and Miss Parkin, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Temple, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and the Misses Clark, Mr. and Mrs. John Langmuir, the Misses Langmuir, Col. and Mrs. Cosby, Dr. and Mrs. Nevitt, Miss Nevitt, Mrs. Hautain, Mrs. Morson, Miss Flora Scarb, Miss Lake, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Rev. W. G. and Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. J. A. Strathy, Miss Strathy, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, Miss Tilley, Miss Edith Tilley, Dr. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton and the Misses Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, the Misses Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. R. Cochran, Mrs. Robert Baldwin and Miss Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Campbell, Mrs. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones, the Misses Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Miss Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. Acton Burrowes, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Vivien.

Mrs. Cawthra's tea at Guiseley House and Mrs. Cassell's afternoon reception and informal dance for the young folks at St. George's Hall, brightened up the gloomy hours of last Monday afternoon, and guests were passing from one function to the other continually. A good many ladies turned out for Mrs. Cawthra's tea, where a very sweet and cordial hostess greeted them with laughing thanks for their courage in facing the elements. Miss Cawthra assisted her mother and Mrs. Harry Drayton was in the tea-room, with some very pretty girls in attendance at the *buffet*, which was a picture, done with crisp fresh pink roses and ribbons and many groups of shaded lights. Miss Helen Armstrong, in a dainty *mousseline* with lace insertions, and her pretty hair most becomingly arranged; Miss Rosamond Boulbee in cream with turquoise trimmings, were the waitresses who dispensed the good things. Among the guests were: Lady Thompson, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Winstanley, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. Charles Fuller, Mrs. Mullem and Miss Seymour, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Alley, Mrs. Charles Fleming, the Misses Michie, Mrs. Newman, the Misses Fuller, Mrs. Alfred Boulbee, Miss Bate of St. Catharine, Miss Osler, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mrs. and Miss Mackay of Dundonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald, the Misses Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Sydney Greene. Mrs. Cawthra's reception gown was of black satin with soft front of white, and she looked extremely well after a happy summer with her daughter, Mrs. Campbell-Renton of Mordington, Scotland. Miss Cawthra wore a very pretty muslin, with elaborate lace insertions, over rose silk. Mrs. Drayton wore a very dainty gown of light fawn cloth trimmed with fur.

Mrs. Ritchie's newly decorated and enlarged home was the scene of a very jolly afternoon tea last week, Friday afternoon being the date chosen. Mrs. Ritchie received in a handsome and stylish room of castor silk and velvet very smartly trimmed, and was the most cordial of hostesses to the large party of ladies who attended her tea. The *buffet* was elegantly served by McConkey and was spread in the dining-room, where, opening from the library, is ample space for a large party. Pink was the color scheme, wide ribbons and roses being used to carry it out. Everyone was in the best of humors and the smartest of clothes, and the handsome rooms resounded with gay chatter and merry story and joke as groups of women clustered together, and scattered to form fresh *coteries* as new arrivals appeared. As like turns to like, so the genial nature of this hostess seems to attract all happy dispositions, and Mrs. Ritchie's teas, luncheons or dinners are especially remarkable for the atmosphere of cordiality and good humor which attends them. The son and heir of the house was the only beau present, a handsome little lad, who never wearied in his attentions to the guests, in which he was ably seconded by a smart party of waitresses—Miss Bessie Bethune, Miss Violet Lee, Miss Watson, Miss Evelyn Falconbridge, and Miss Murton of Ottawa.

The annual At Home and dance given by the Dental Collegians, and chaperoned by the wives of the Faculty and others, took place with great *éclat* on Friday evening of last week, at the College building in College street. The place was profusely decorated, any amount of flags and bunting being used to transform the great hall into a brilliant *salle de danse*, where hundreds of guests, mostly young folks, enjoyed a delightful programme of dances to prime music. Refreshments were served on the upper floor, where a *buffet* was served, but very few of the dancers spared the time for more than a cooling ice, for the dance was the thing to the dentists, would-be dentists, and the noticeably pretty lot of ladies, their guests. Dr. Ross and his wife, who is one of the best dancers in Toronto; Dr. Capon, who is *en garcon* just now, Mrs. Capon being in the South; Dr. Pearson, indefatigable, as a young bachelor should be, in looking after the ladies; representatives from sister colleges, and many other friends made up the large party who enjoyed the dance at the Dental College.

Death chooses indiscriminately and has during the past ten days called young and old alike from their places in society and the home. Mrs. M. R. Vankoughnet's death was a shock to her very large family circle and her many friends, from Halifax to the west coast. Mrs. Vankoughnet resided at 173 John street, and had been for some time confined to the house, but was bright and well a day or two before her death, which took place on Thursday night. Her daughter, Miss Eva Vankoughnet, has been a devoted companion of her mother for many years. Mrs. May of Montreal, Mrs. MacCulloch and Mrs. Wolferston Thomas, with Mr. George Vankoughnet, are the other children of the deceased lady. Mrs. Vankoughnet was for many years the leading spirit on the Board of the Orphans' Home, where her services were much prized by her fellow-workers. The funeral services took place in St. George's church on Tuesday morning. Mrs. May and Mrs. Thomas came up on Saturday.

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Social and Personal.

VERY touching and interesting ceremony was the unveiling by Lord Minto on Sunday afternoon of the memorial tablet erected by the Q.O.R. in the Armories to the memory of the soldiers who were killed and wounded at Battleford, and during the Rebellion of 1885. Just now, when emotions are at full tide and hearts are throbbing with anxiety for the men of Canada who are in the Transvaal, the tribute to those soldiers in the lesser war seemed very significant. The Armories never saw a more unanimously interested crowd than

drawn up in array of parade and surrounded, looked down upon and hemmed in by men and women who "loved them for the perils they had seen." Here and there a gray beard—a bald pate; here and there a young face—a noble brow; and all along that Battleford column the wholesome touch of loyal devotion which marks the true soldier. Neither lack of uniform nor varied civilian garb could hide the "brace up and be steady" pose of their shoulders, nor the quiet reliance of their whole attitude. They were staunch men and true.

Round about the Battleford column were the tidy Queen's Own, under command of Major Pellatt. Colonel Delamere was on the platform with His Excellency and the men of high degree who attended him. The band played a soft, sweet voluntary. In the Chapel, then the chaplain (whose devotion to his corps led him to enlist as a private soldier when he could not be taken as a chaplain in that hurried rush of '85, and whose services the Q.O.R. will never forget, while trumpet sounds and bugle blows) gave out a hymn and read a short service, after which His Excellency heard Major Mutton's address, referring to the events which led to the erection of the tablet about to be unveiled. Then did the first gentleman of Canada say his few soldierly, manly, simple words, and unveil the tablet, while the band played and the people, as one man, thought upon the war that is over and the war that is on. Those who were seated or grouped about His Excellency on the *dais* were Major-General Hutton, Major Yung, now in command at Stanley Barracks; Captain Pearce, Mr. Burnham. The colonels of the city regiments, Hon. Colonel J. I. Davidson, Colonel McLean of Montreal, Surgeon-Major Neilson of Kingston, Colonel Holmes of London, Colonel Leslie, the Ottawa *aide de camp*, Mr. Man, and the comptroller of the vice-regal household, Mr. Guise, attended His Excellency. A notable group of officers' wives were also on the platform, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. Forester, Mrs. Delamere, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, and from Government House came Miss Mowat, attended by Captain Law and Mr. Elmsley. His Worship and Mrs. Shaw were also on the platform. In the officers' gallery were a crowd of ladies and many men, while the west gallery was also filled with sympathizing and interested spectators. Many more, unable to get in at either point, promenaded on the great floor, and stood as near as possible during the service and speeches. After these were over Mrs. and Miss Eva Delamere received His Excellency and Major-General and Mrs. Hutton in the Q.O.R. mess-room, where quite a number of officers and their wives, with many other friends, had been invited to meet the Queen's representative, the distinguished General and his popular wife. Tea and many other good things were served and the reunion was particularly distinguished, owing its distinction in part to the martial trappings and presence of so many soldier bodies. Prominent among the guests on the *dais* were the pastor of St. Andrew's and his sweet, bonnie young wife. Mrs. Armstrong Black is a charming woman; everyone says so. After the reception His Excellency and General and Mrs. Hutton drove to Government House for dinner, and thus closed their all too brief visit to our city. That they soon repeat it is the wish of one and all.

The engagement of Mr. Frank Gaston, M. R. C. S., of London, England, and Miss Alice Howland, daughter of the late William Howland, Esq., is announced, to be followed by their marriage next spring.

Mrs. Mandeville Merritt has taken apartments at 159 Bloor street. Mr. Eddie Jones has returned from a long visit abroad. Mrs. B. B. Osler gave an afternoon tea at her residence in the Queen's Park last Friday afternoon. Mrs. Alfred Boultham's exhibition of China is now open to the public at her studio, 563 Church street.

Mrs. William Rogerson and her little daughter have just returned from a charming visit with friends at New Haven, Conn., and New York City.

Miss J. Frances Byford, who has been studying for the past few years in Leipzig under Krause, sailed for home on December

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WELCH MARGETSON'S ENGLISH MUFFLERS	50 to 3.50

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Jeffery & Purvis 91 KING WEST OPEN EVENINGS

3 by the Patricia from Hamburg. Music-lovers and artists, as well as personal friends, await her coming with much interest.

Miss Bate of St. Catharines is the guest of Mrs. Charles Fuller of Dunbar road. Miss Boyd of Montreal is the guest of Miss Edythe Jarvis. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Fleming of Ottawa are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fleming. Miss May Jarvis of Buffalo is the guest of Mrs. Hamilton of Glen Lodge, Rosedale. Colonel Hugh McLean of Montreal was in town for a short visit and took part in the military events at the end of the week and on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Charles Macdougall is staying with her brother, Mr. Widmer Hawke and Mrs. Hawke in Wellington street.

Mrs. Heaven, after a very pleasant stay in Philadelphia, has returned to her old home, Washington, and has taken a suite of rooms at the Guy'sboro', in Seventeenth street, where, with her daughters, she will no doubt enjoy the season now opening at the Capital, where her charming presence will be always welcome.

Mrs. Krell, whose departure from Toronto was so much regretted by her friends, is spending some weeks at Monte Carlo with her husband, after a short visit in London and Paris, where she enjoyed herself greatly.

The short visit of His Excellency the Governor-General caused a stir in military and social circles. All the officers left us turned out in full dress uniform on Saturday evening at the reception at the School of Practical Science, and that gallant soldier and very handsome man, General Hutton, was brilliant in gold and gorgeous trappings, as befits his rank, while that most lovable and delightful of women, his charming wife, looked, as she always does, a bright and gracious creature, full of sympathy with the anxious wives of our brave men, rousing interest and enthusiasm in the formation of the League for their comfort and benefit, watching the experiments at the school, greeting old friends and new with sunny gladness at Mrs. Delamere's tea in the Q.O.R. mess-room at the Armories, capturing the affections of the men and women who responded with enthusiasm to her project, the woman of the hour—everyone agreed. Everyone regretted that it was impossible for Lady Minto to accompany the Governor-General. Mrs. Hutton went to London on a visit to Mrs. George Harris and the General went east.

Mr. and Mrs. James Burnham are residing in Queen street west, where they have taken a pretty house. Major and Mrs. Charlie Nelles have also taken a house in Parkdale for the winter. Another young officer who is welcomed home is Mr. James Elmsley, who is looking very fit and handsome.

Mr. and Mrs. Marani and their children arrived last week at Ermeleigh. Mr. Marani will return to British Columbia after Christmas, but Mrs. Marani will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason.

The engagement of Miss Skeaff, niece of Miss Michie of Westholme, and Mr. Herbert Mowat, nephew of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, was announced last week, and hearty congratulations are now in order.

I am told of another engagement which is not to be made public until Christmas week, and also, alas! of another which is "off" after a long and constant keeping.

Regret, sympathy, sincere and heartfelt, go to Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer of Glendale, whose sweet eldest daughter has laid down her young life in far-off Italy. Mrs. Nordheimer was with her daughter for some time, as ever, the mother whose devotion to her children is a byword even in a city of pattern mothers. Miss Nordheimer was beloved by all who knew her, and her petite form and gentle smile had a charm peculiarly their own. All regret her loss.

The brides of the season are lending much brilliancy and tone to the multitudinous teas which are taking up all our spare time these afternoons. Mrs. Laidlaw, formerly Miss Corby, who was, with her sister, so much admired in Ottawa last session, is welcomed to Toronto smart doings by a host of old and new friends. Sweet Mrs. Fred. Somerville is a picture in her dainty tea-room frocks. So is Mrs. Jack Brodie, a very charming young wife. Mrs. Gooderham (nee Phillips) and Mrs. Gus Burritt are neighbors and friends who are to be seen at all the merriest teas and dances, as popular, even more so, perhaps, than in their recent girlhood days. Mrs. Kirkpatrick (nee Mulock) is another happy little bride whose friends are always glad to see her. Mrs. Frank Hodgins is easily the jolliest bride of the season, and Mrs. Rowbotham is making friends everywhere. In the West end is another charming English girl, Mrs. Huntingford, whose original and clever "wonder half," Trinity's most versatile professor, has been transformed into a model Benedict by this winning and graceful Beatrice.

A young man who is susceptible to beauty and who doubted Canada's ability to rival the big cities on the other side as a home of beautiful girls, has confided to me that one week's sojourn in Toronto and the happiness of attending last week's Beauty dances would convert anyone. He has altered his quotations so that Toronto heads the list for young beauties.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Shipe will be at home to their friends at 120 Grange avenue Saturday, January 6, and first and third Saturdays following.

Mrs. Albert J. H. Eckardt (nee Philip) will hold her first reception since her marriage on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and Wednesday evening, December 19 and 20, at her home, 206 St. George street, and will be at home afterwards the third and fourth Fridays of each month.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark, assisted by her elder daughter, received on Saturday afternoon. It hardly seems quite the proper thing to call such a large and smart afternoon gathering a tea, and the more formal At Home certainly fits it more appropriately. Mrs. Clark has been for a long time rather an invalid, and, though bravely standing the fatigues of a large reception, was a little pale before her duties were over. Miss Clark and Mr. Mortimer Clark seconded her kindly greeting and parting cheery word, and the tall son of the house, Mr. Gordon Clark, and his bright and bonnie sister, Miss Elsie, were in the midst of the merry throng, greeting, attending, and playing the hosts to perfection. Miss Lelia Mackay, always a winsome and sparkling lady, was another untiring waitress. The tea-table was very beautiful with many pink roses, glittering with glass and shining with silver. The fine rooms were crowded about six o'clock with the most attractive people in Toronto, many of whom lingered unusually long, loth to leave the pleasant company and charming home. To give a list of them would occupy more room than could be spared when other functions are simply tumbling over each other.

The opening of the Toronto Western Hospital last evening at eight o'clock was an event of much interest, and in spite of all the other attractions a large attendance was on hand. A full report will appear later.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. J. J. Kingsmill gave a tea at the Temple Building for Mrs. Bernard and Mrs. Gault.

Miss Charlotte Trees has returned from England after a lengthened visit amongst relatives.

Husband—My dear, these trousers are frayed at the bottom. Wife—They are the best you've got, John, except your dress trousers. Husband—Well, give those to me. I have an important interview to-day in which I expect to be at different times, proud, haughty, indifferent, dignified, and perhaps a trifle disdainful. A man can't be all that successfully with a fringe on the bottom of his trousers.

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One Spoon a Year

A CUSTOM that has been rapidly growing in favor of late years is that of giving a child a Sterling Silver Spoon each returning birthday or Christmas. Sometimes it is the "tea" size that is given, sometimes the "dessert," or one of each, if you prefer.

We can show you over two dozen distinct patterns, ranging in price from 50c. to \$4.00 each.

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VERY often a whole family will unite in presenting "Mother" with a Complete Chest of Silver Spoons and Forks. We show very choice lines of these in the Plain, Antique, Beaded, Louis XV., and other favorite patterns. Some of the Cabinets containing these are real works of art. Our prices range from \$100 to \$350, according to the number of pieces.

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BY buying a sterling silver Hair Brush at Christmas, and following it with a Mirror, or some other piece, as a birthday gift from time to time a handsome Toilet Set will soon appear on the Dressing-Table. We carry several very handsome patterns in the following pieces—Hair Brushes, Mirrors, Cloth Brushes, Manicure Pieces, Powder Boxes, etc., and the prices you will find much closer than might be expected for such goods.

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DURING a recent visit to Europe we gathered a choice line of little pieces of old Dutch Silver for drawing-rooms and cabinets.

It includes Windmills, Dutch Fishing-Boats, Tea-Caddies, Bon-Bon Spoons, and scores of little oddities that are "just the thing for Christmas."

They are exact reproductions of the old Dutch Silver to be seen in the museums of Holland, and only cost from \$1.50 to \$35.00 each.

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USEFUL alike in Church and Concert Hall, the Lorgnette still grows in favor. We show an exquisite line of these in fine gold, bright silver, gray silver, gun-metal and tortoise-shell, and our Optician fits the glasses free of charge—an unusually acceptable gift for a lady.

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Look to your Dining Table, and if there's doubt as to its ability to accommodate your Christmas dinner party see us about a new one. Our stock in this line also is at high water mark.

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A New College for Toronto.
The Fine Record it Has Made in Seven Years.

WING to the difficulty experienced during the last two years in securing masters in music for the Kingston Ladies' College, it has been thought advisable to remove the college to Toronto, where masters may be had from the Conservatory and College of Music. As a proof of the good work done by the college since being opened in Kingston seven years ago the following is presented:

In 1893, its first year, one pupil matriculated fully and one passed in all but Latin and German grammar. In 1894, one pupil passed first year examination at Queen's University in arts, one matriculated, two passed the first year examination of Toronto University in music, three passed the first examination of the Toronto College of Music, one taking first-class honors, another second-class honors. In 1895, one pupil passed the second year examination of Queen's University, three matriculated in arts, one receiving second-class honors in English, two passed the second examination of Toronto University in music, one passed the second examination of the Toronto College of Music, and one the first examination of the Toronto College of Music. In 1896, one pupil passed the examination for the diploma of associate in arts of McGill University, Montreal; one passed the preliminary examination for the diploma of associate in arts of McGill University, two passed the examination for the degree of bachelor of music of Toronto University, one passed the partial matriculation in arts, one passed the final examination of the Toronto College of Music, one passed the second examination of the Toronto College of Music, one passed the examination for the diploma of associate of the London College of Music, England, and one passed the senior examination of the London College of Music, England.

In 1897, two passed the University matriculation examination in arts and one passed the matriculation Part I.

In 1898, three passed the University matriculation examination in arts, two passed the junior examination in theory of Toronto Conservatory of Music, two passed the junior examination in piano of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and one passed the primary examination in theory of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

In 1899, three passed Part I. of the University matriculation examination in arts. No ladies' college in Canada can show better work than this during the past seven years.

The college residence in Toronto will probably be the residence of Sir Oliver Mowat, 63 St. George street, lately occupied by the Hon. A. S. Hardy, ex Premier of Ontario, and formerly the residence of the late Sir John A. Macdonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Plummer gave a dinner on Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell entertained in honor of their guests, Dr. and Mrs. R. Merrill Hopkins of Baltimore, on the same evening.

The marriage of Mr. Tisdale of Winnipeg and Miss Jo Wheeler, niece of Mr. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, took place at Kirkfield, from the country residence of the bride's uncle, on Thursday morning. Miss Wheeler was married in a pretty grey cloth traveling-dress, and was attended by her cousin, Miss Mackenzie. Mrs. G. W. Allan and the Misses Cattanach were Toronto guests at the wedding.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp has taken Mrs. McCord's house in Jarvis street, and I hear will shortly bring its mistress home.

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December 16, 1899

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Table Damask has a century's reputation as "the best there is," while the far-renowned

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Social and Personal.



R. SIGMUND SAMUEL, one of last year's brides, gave her first At Home last Saturday in her very pretty and cosy house in Madison avenue. The young hostess received in a gown of primrose silk veiled in white net and lace, and was assisted in the tea-room by her sisters-in-law, Mrs. Joseph and Miss Samuel. Mr. Sigmund Samuel was a busy host as the drawing rooms filled with guests. The tea was from five to seven o'clock, and though quite a number of guests had to leave early to attend Mrs. Mortimer Clark's reception, many came late and stayed later. The demand of the ladies for a sight of Queen Baby was not to be denied, and small Miss Kathleen was brought down stairs, a blessed little smiling mite, composed enough under a fire of compliments, which must have gratified her proud parents not a little. In tune with the present wave of patriotism, the decorations for the *buffet* at this pleasant tea were in red, white and blue, a silken flag as a centerpiece and ribbons galore in the tri-color. Many lovely flowers and a delicious lot of good things were upon the table, about which the usual crowd was soon assembled. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel may congratulate themselves on their success as hosts of a very pleasant and pretty re-union, which must have enjoyed by all their friends.

On Thursday of last week society wended its way, unmindful of sprinkling rain drops, to Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander's hospitable home in Peter street, at least a portion of what is known as society, for I hear Thursday's tea was only one of two or more to be given by the same hostess. Her thoughtfulness in this regard secured a great deal of comfort to her friends, who had plenty of room to move about in. Mrs. Alexander is always beautifully gowned, and at her reception wore a becoming dress of white and heliotrope, most gracefully fashioned. She received in the drawing room, where a bright grate fire and many well arranged lights gave the pleasantest change from the dull outer world. Men were *taboo* at this tea, but they were not missed, that anyone could see, for the fun never flagged, nor the attention of the bright party of waitresses, either, until the last lingerer had said goodbye. A very lovely guest in town, who was much admired in a soft gray gown with white, and picture hat with huge white *tulle* rosettes, was Miss Burn of Ottawa, a niece of Mrs. George McMurrich. Many pretty women and smart gowns made this an exceedingly smart tea. The tea-table was centered by a huge basket of pink roses tied with pink ribbons, and was under the charge of the Misses Mortimer Clark, Miss Leila Mackay and Miss Madge Davidson. A particularly handsome white gown was worn by Mrs. Barnhardt. Congratulations were whispered to Miss Skeaff, news of whose engagement was just then becoming the property of her many warm friends, and the arrival of letters from the Canadian Contingent made an interesting subject of conversation for many little groups whose friends and relatives are far away just now.

Mrs. Forester returned last week from a round of delightful visits with friends in Quebec and Montreal, and is now at Bonnie Castle, in John street. By the way, a too optimistic report of Mrs. Young's recovery from her injuries in the runaway was given me last week, and friends have been sorry to hear that Mrs. Young is still confined to her room. She had a narrow escape of more serious injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mockridge of Detroit had a visit from the storks the other day, who left them a fine little girl baby. Grandpapa and grandmamma in Toronto are being much congratulated.

On last Saturday evening, the president, Mr. B. E. Walker, and the council of the Canadian Institute were the reception committee to welcome His Excellency, Lord Minto, to an At Home given at the School of Practical Science in the Queen's Park, in commemoration of the semi-centennial of the Canadian Institute. The presence of the Governor-General, with his suite, and General and Mrs. Hutton, gave great interest and smartness to this evening function. Miss Mowat, attended by Captain Law and Mr. Elmsley, came to the reception, where the guests of honor were received by Mr. and Mrs. Walker in the Hall of Assembly. All the ladies were in very smart evening gowns, satin, lace and brocade, with a rich black velvet gown, worn by Mrs. Hutton, making quite a stunning group. Mrs. Fred Mowat and Miss Biggar, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Delamere, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Riddell, Mr. Gravett, Mrs. Charles Harvey, Mrs. Morang, Miss Heaven, the Misses Tully, Mrs. Riordan, Mrs. and Miss Sprague, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. and Miss Ellis, Mrs. and Miss Augusta Hodgins, Miss Small, Mrs. Sweaty, Mrs. Neville, Mrs. James Burnham, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Herbert Cawthra, Mrs. George Dickson, were a few of the brilliantly gowned women who were to be seen promenading and watching the fascinating goings on in the lower rooms, where various demonstrations of up-to-date science were in progress. Professor Galbraith was a busy and most practical elucidator of the mysteries of wireless telegraphy and such inventions, in the basement, while Dan Cupid was working the same old game upstairs, where glances from brightest eyes brought swift answers and no mistake as to their import. Wireless telegraphy, indeed, was not in it when that little Ottawa beauty passed

TO TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

down the hall in her father's care, and with one look commanded every man-jack to his knees. Down they went, in spirit, jolly major and slim captain and legal bachelor of level head, and great was the gathering of scalps by the sunny-haired and winning little woman from the East, who was bewitching in a pale green gown twinkling with *paillettes* and pearls. Many notable men were at this reception. Sir Sandford Fleming, snowy-haired and venerable; a gorgeous group of officers in a blaze of scarlet and gold, or dark blue and silver, or quiet rifle green, were loitering about and chatting with the pretty women seen everywhere. At eleven o'clock, His Excellency and a small party of guests supped in a private room, where a pretty round table, done in deep *cerise* and white, was very daintily set and served, and three or four other small tables were provided for specially honored persons. All the evening a *buffet* was served in one of the large rooms on the same floor, and shortly before twelve the bright reunion came to an end, and will long be remembered by the Canadian Institute with gratification, which is their due for perfect arrangements and the pleasure evidently enjoyed by all.

Several very nice dinner parties have brightened this and last week's evenings. Mrs. J. I. Davidson has given several very pleasant dinners. Dr. and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson gave one in honor of Surgeon-Major Nielson of Kingston last Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones gave their postponed dinner on Wednesday evening. On the previous Wednesday the much-talked-of dinner given by Mrs. W. Herbert Cawthra to a large party of girl friends came off with great success. The guests had a lovely dinner and finished off with a game of cards, at which some pretty prizes were won.

Mr. Dickson Patterson's studio dance was another great success among a week of jolly affairs. The host proved the assertion often made, but seldom credited, that a man can give a good party if he doesn't mind the trouble of it. Certainly Mr. Patterson spared no trouble, and took especial care that the music, which was D'Alessandro's best, the dainty supper and the floor, were perfect. As for the company, it was beautiful as to the girls and the young matrons who chaperoned them, and the best and brightest of the dancing men. Why don't some of the bachelors who go out so much give their girl friends a couple of smart dances in one of the nice halls down-town? There are so many bonnie brides, handsome girls and visitors to town this winter. Come, boys, set it going.

Among this week's teas was one given by Miss Quinlan at her home in Selby street on Thursday. Mrs. W. McLean gave a thimble tea for her relative, Mrs. Arthur McLean of Chicago. Mrs. Darrell gave a luncheon for her mother, Mrs. Garvin, on Tuesday at her home in Euclid avenue.

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continues to attract large crowds every day. This exhibit embraces the largest and choicest selection in the city of...

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CALENDARS and NOVELTIES

You are invited to call and see our XMAS EXHIBIT.

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96 Yonge Street A. E. HUESTIS
Manager

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Manicuring and Chiropody
Best manuring 50c. Ten treatments 50c each.

Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails
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Opp. Rosedale, Toronto. Telephone 1885

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NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
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HYGEIA
Aero-Distilled Water
Is the product of the most modern and complete water still in Canada.
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The water is supplied in patent demijohns at 40 cents each. Distilled by
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A MARVEL OF BEAUTY

The most desirable for style.
The only Glove that makes the hand look neat.

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All fashionable people demand them.
Reliable dealers throughout Canada sell them.
Ask for them and don't take any other.

Our Switches

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Useful Xmas PresentsH AIR GOODS
AIR BRUSHES
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Sold by Wall or Express. Our stock of Ladies' and Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Switches, etc., to choose from is immense.

Nothing could be more appreciated by any lady whose hair is thin than the *Gift* of a nice Wig, Bang or Switch, and any gentleman who is bald could receive nothing more appropriate than one of Dorenwend's famous Art Coverings in a Toupee or Wig, as required. Now worn on over 500 heads. Send sample with description of goods wanted, and order will be attended to at once. Money per registered letter, P. O. or express-order. Any style ordered as Xmas Gift can be exchanged after holidays if found not as desired.

We also carry a large and well selected stock of *Wigs*, *Switches*, *Hair Brushes*, *Hat Brushes*, *Clothes Brushes* and *Military Brushes*, in solid Ebony, Ivory and Re-tortoise Shell, which make choice presents. Beautiful cases fitted up with Real Tortoise Shell, Gold and Silver, and Brushes, ranging in price from \$20.00 to \$50.00. *Hair Ornaments* of every description, in real Tortoise Shell, Silver, Gold, Cut Steel, Jet, etc. All standard makes of Perfumery. Address—

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Military Brushes



Our Favorite Bang

Large and best assort'd stock of Natural Wavy and Straight Hair switches.

Handsome Fronts, Fringes and Bangs.

Perf. Hair coverings—latest designs.

Elegant assort'ment of real Tortoise Shell

Pins and Combs.

Exquisite stock of Extra fine Mourning and Novelty articles in single and double boxes, latest odors.

Best quality of Real Ebony Hair Brushes

(silver monogram plate) for ladies and gentlemen. Real Ivory ladies' and gentlemen's Hair Brushes.

Military Hair Brushes in leather.

Ladies' and Bristle Dust Brushes.

Plastic Glass and Mirrors.

Manicure Sets in boxes and separate arti-

cles. French Hand Painted Sachets. Many other "Nouveautés" in Xmas Presents.

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USEFUL Xmas Presents
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Ivory Brushes and Combs, Ebony Military Brushes in cases, American Articles in Ebony, Ivory and Silver. Gentlemen's Toilet Cases less than cost.

HAIR ORNAMENTS in real Amber, Tortoise Shell, Gold, Silver and Duet.

HAIR GOODS for Xmas Presents. If your mother, sister or any of your near friends have thin, poor hair, they will appreciate a nice bang, wave or switch, especially one of ours, for we have them in the world to select from, and our styles are always up to date.

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Makes a Luscious drink.
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Don't let your grocer palm off other poor brands on you

Why do so
Many Society
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The answer is easy.
They get perfect fit,
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HOOPER'S FINE OLD ENGLISH
LAVENDER WATER

specially aged and matured for the
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an aged or invalid friend.

In Fancy St

The Saint-Gabriel Inn.

An Odd Wager.

YOU would have been very fortunate, my children, if you had known my Uncle Bayle, because he alone knew more stories than you have ever read. My uncle did not live in our little city of Mirepeix—he lived at Foix; and almost every Saturday we would see him coming on his horse, and our joyous cries hailed him at a distance. The servant, my old Jeannette, came immediately to salute our Uncle Bayle, who carefully informed himself as to the supper. Then, after having added or changed something in the bill of fare, he seated himself in a large chair of carved wood, which we dragged up to the fire; and without delay we all began to cry, "A story! a story!" On this evening the cry was less boisterous, because we had formed a little conspiracy, and no one dared to speak first. Finally, my pretty cousin Dorothee, the most talkative little girl of the house, and now the grave superior of a convent of the Sisters of Charity, ventured to cry, "A ghost story!" and we replied, all together, "Yes, a ghost story!"

My uncle frowned, and looked toward Jeannette, who was very much confused, and wished to appear absorbed in peeling her chicken pot-pie. It was she, in fact, who had urged us to make this demand.

"There are only fools or rogues who believe, or pretend to believe, in ghosts," said my uncle, in a severe tone. We all waited in silence, so much authority was there in his words; but a moment of reflection seemed to calm him. "We saw him smile, as if to himself, and he added, in a tone full of sweetness: "You want a ghost-story, my children! Very well; I will relate one to you which happened to me, so that it cannot be doubted."

We gathered around him closer than usual the lamp hung by a chain attached to the mantel-piece, and there our uncle told his story.

One autumn evening—it must have been forty years ago, because I was scarcely twenty years old at the time—I was returning from Toulouse. I had arrived almost in front of the Bobolone monastery, beyond the beautiful woods of Lescouren, when a sudden and frightful storm, like those that come down from our mountains, broke forth. My horse, frightened at the flashes of lightning and noise of thunder, darted into a little by-path, and carried me with him, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary. Notwithstanding his rapidity, I soon recognized that he had taken the road to Saint Gabelle, and that he was leading me there all right; and he galloped on until he stopped of his own accord, as he had started, and I perceived that I was at the door of an inn. I entered. The guests were numerous—a mixed crowd of Spanish merchants and young sportsmen of the vicinity, overtaken, like myself, by the storm. After drying ourselves at the fire—composed of a dozen vine-branches which had been thrown in the fire-place—supper was announced, and we all sat down to the table. At first the conversation turned on the frightful weather. One had been thrown from his horse: another had been detained an hour in getting himself and cart out of a pool of mud. Finally some one exclaimed: "It is an infernal night, just the time for a meeting of witches." This remark, which was very simple, gave place to a singular observation, made in a tone still more singular.

"Sorcerers and ghosts prefer for their meeting a beautiful moonlight night to a night so unpleasant at this."

We all gazed at the man who said this, and saw that it was one of the Spanish merchants. You have often seen them, my children, with their leggings and short breeches open at the knee and showing their naked, hairy legs. You know what a mingled air of pride and misery they have. He who had spoken had, more than any you have seen, that savage bearing which is characteristic of them all. None of us had thought of replying, when my neighbor, a young man with a frank and open manner, burst out laughing as he said:

"It appears that this gentleman knows the habits of ghosts, and that they have told him that they do not like to get wet or dirty."

He had not finished his sentence when the Spaniard threw on him a terrible look, as he said:

"Young man, do not speak so lightly of things you know nothing about."

"Do you think you can make me believe there are ghosts?" replied my neighbor, disdainfully.

"Perhaps," replied the Spaniard, "if you had the courage to look at them."

The young man jumped up, red with anger, but calmed himself, and sat down again quietly, saying:

"You would have paid dearly for that remark if it were not of a fool."

"That of a fool!" cried the Spaniard, jumping up in his turn. "Well, then," added he, slapping his fist on the table, and throwing down a big leather purse. "Here are thirty quadruples" (about two hundred and sixteen dollars) "which I offer to lose if within an hour I do not make you see, you who are so positive, the face of one of your friends that you will name, let him be dead for ten years, and if, after having recognized him, you dare to permit his mouth to kiss yours."

The Spaniard had an air so terrible in saying these words that we all started. My neighbor alone preserved his laughing, mocking manner, and replied:

"You will do this—you!"

"Yes," replied the Spaniard, "and I will lose thirty quadruples if I do not do it, on condition that you will lose an equal amount if I keep my promise and you acknowledge it."

The young man was silent a moment, then he said, gayly:

"Thirty quadruples! My worthy sorcerer, that is more than a student of Toulouse ever possessed; but if you will keep your word for the five quadruples which are here, I am your man."

The Spaniard took his purse again, and said, scornfully:

"Ah, you back out, my little gentleman!"

"I back out!" cried the young man.

"Ah, if I had the thirty quadruples, you would see if I backed out."

"Here are four," cried I, "which I add to your stake."

I had no sooner made this proposition than five or six persons, attracted like myself by the singularity of this challenge, offered to take part in it, and in less than no time the Spaniard's amount was covered. This man seemed so sure of his work that he confided the stake to the young student, and we got ready for the demonstration.

To that end we selected a small pavilion, perfectly isolated, in the garden, so that there could be no deception. We searched it minutely; we assured ourselves that there were no other openings than window, securely fastened, and a door, which we all stood after we had left the young man alone in the pavilion. We had placed writing materials on the table, and took away all the lights. We were eagerly interested in the issue of the scene, and were all keeping a profound silence, when the Spaniard, who had remained among us, commenced to sing in a sweet and sad voice a song, which may be rendered as follows:

"Noiselessly cracking, the coffin has broken in the half-opened tomb,
And the white phantom's black foot is resting on the grass, cold and green."
At the first verse he raised his voice solemnly, and said:

"You have asked to see your friend, Franois Violot, who was drowned three years ago in crossing the Pensagnoles Ferry. What do you see?"

"I see," replied the young man, "a pale light which has risen near the window, but it has no form, and is only an indistinct mist."

"Are you afraid?" said the Spaniard, in a strong voice.

"I am not afraid," replied the student, in a voice no less confident.

We scarcely breathed. The Spaniard was silent for a moment, then he began all at once to sing again, but in a higher and more sombre voice:

"And the white phantom, whose face has been withered by the surge of the waves,
Wipes with his shroud the water from his garments and hair."

The song finished, the Spaniard turned again toward the door, and, in an accent more and more sombre, he said:

"You, who wished to pry into the mystery of the tomb, what do you see?"

We listened with anxiety. The student replied, in a calm voice, but like a man who is describing a thing as it happens:

"I see this vapor, which grows larger and larger, and takes the form of a phantom: this phantom has the head covered with a veil."

"Are you afraid?" asked the Spaniard, in an insulting voice.

The voice of the young man replied: "I am not afraid."

We dared not look at each other, so great was our surprise, so occupied were we in following the singular movements of the Spaniard, who began to raise his arms above his head, while invoking three times a name horrible to pronounce; after which he chanted the third verse of his infernal song, but in a voice singularly triumphant:

"And the phantom said, in leaving the tomb,
In order that he may recognize me,
I will go toward my friend, proud, smiling,
And beautiful as my youth!"

The Spaniard finished his verse, and repeated his question:

"What do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "the phantom—advances—it raises its veil—it is Franois Violot—he approaches the table—he writes—he has written; it is his signature!"

"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard, furiously.

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"What do you see?" cried the Spaniard, in a voice of thunder.

"It comes—it approaches—it pursues me—it extends its arms—it will seize me, Help! help!"

"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard, with ferocious joy.

A piercing cry, then a smothered groan, was the only answer to this terrible question.

"Help that imprudent young man!" said the Spaniard to us, in a cruel voice.

"I have, I think, won the wager; but it is enough for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep the money, and be more prudent in the future."

He went away rapidly after these words. We opened the door, and found the student in horrible convulsions. The paper, signed with the name of Franois Violot, was on the table. Scarcely had the student recovered when he demanded to know who was the infamous sorcerer who had subjected him to this horrible profanation; he wished to kill him. He searched for him all through the inn, and darted off like a madman in pursuit of him. And that is the story, my children.

We were all trembling with fright, huddling closely about our Uncle Bayle, not daring to look around. No one had the courage to speak; then I gathered strength enough to say to my uncle: "And how is it, after this, you do not believe in ghosts?"

"Because," said my uncle, "neither the young man nor the sorcerer were ever seen afterward, nor the beautiful quadruples which the other travelers and myself had furnished to cover the wager proposed by the pretended Spaniard; and because these two rogues carried them away, after having played under our eyes a comedy which we believed in like a pack of simpletons, and which I found very expensive, but which will not have cost too much if it enables me to fully persuade you that none but imbeciles or rogues believe or pretend to believe in ghosts."—Translated from the French of Frederick Loutte.

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A Mean Advantage.

Punch.



Very Voluble Man (to Invalid ditto)—Ah, dear boy! I heard you had quite lost your voice, so I just took the opportunity of locking in to have a chat.

he raised his spoon to his mouth, thus momentarily stopping his flow of talk, to lift his hand deprecatingly, and exclaim: "Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" He apparently feared that I might take an undue advantage while his mouth was full and surreptitiously slip in a comment. But mind you, Sardou's garrulosity is never offensive. He always talks to the point, and has a vast fund of information upon the many subjects, such as the French Revolution, in which his interest is absorbing.

"The first time I met him was at Marly, his summer home. My father had suggested to him as the subject of a play, Robespierre, and I was sent to France to talk the matter over with him. I had to go to France, for Sardou, you know, would never come to England; he has never traveled and cannot be persuaded to leave his own country; the very thought of a two hours' sea voyage is an unspeakable horror. When I called him had the play of Robespierre already mapped out, the scenes and the characters were all in his mind, and he had carefully arranged all the stage-settings and the costumes. He at once began to show the stage plans of the scenes, roughly drawn but thoroughly detailed; and had a vast number of engravings, his own collections, which serve as a basis for many of the scenes in the play. At this time, you know, not a line of the play had been written. This was very characteristic of Sardou's untiring energy and of his wonderful gift for invention.

"Sardou is not only a hard and industrious worker, but he reaps the fruits of his labor. He is immensely wealthy. He has a strong money sense, too, and keeps careful track of the pennies. Sardou, I suppose, has a rather poor opinion of America. I know he has a poor opinion of England. 'They're all robbers,' he used to say of Englishmen. But he does appreciate the financial returns which he gets from his plays in the United States. Miss Marbury, who is his agent, amused me one day by her relation of the way that she first opened the Frenchman's eyes to the gold mine that awaited him in America. It took some time to impress upon his mind the idea of the percentage system. He didn't expect to get anything from the United States, he said; if they paid him a lump sum, all right, but he didn't ask for more. He absolutely knew nothing about America or of its great cities. Finally Miss Marbury called upon him with a map of the United States. She showed him New York, with its immense population, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and all the rest. The great man was impressed and at once placed his interests in Miss Marbury's hands. And ever since he has drawn immense sums yearly from the United States.

"Sardou's method of writing plays is unique. He goes about it in a mathematical way. At first, he selects no characters, no scene, no historical setting. All he starts with is a climax; and he does not even assign his personages names; he letters them. A, for example, may be a jealous husband, B the wife, and C her lover. He twists these letters around until he gets the great scene for which he has been mapping. Then he fills in all the other scenes. After the plot has thus been constructed, he looks about for some historical setting. He is a profound historical student, and usually has no difficulty in finding a period into which his plot fits naturally. Then he fills it all out, and in a short time—for he works at a rapid pace—the play is complete. It was in this way that Robespierre was written. It was sent across the Channel to us to act by.

"And with it came the designs for the scenery and for the costumes, and even, in many cases, for the stage properties required. It is interesting to remark that Sardou has never seen the play performed. We tried to get him to leave Paris for this purpose, but he could not be persuaded.

"In spite of Sardou's absorbing interest in his subject, he is a very easy man to work with. He is always open to suggestion, and presents the unusual sight of a playwright who doesn't mind being cut. My father always found him willing to cut out whole speeches, and in one case a whole act. As originally written, Robespierre did not end with the convention scene, as it does now; there was another act, which gave a historical account of his death. Sardou wrote with the French idea of a four-hour play in mind, when we only wanted three. After the situation was explained to him, he was perfectly willing to cut the play. We occasionally differed, it is true, as to the parts to be cut. He was anxious that what he called *la logique* should remain intact. 'Coupes la rhetorique; ne coupes pas la logique!' he would cry. But I am afraid that a great deal of *la logique* has been cut, nevertheless."

Abandoned It.

For the Old Fashioned Coffee Was Killing.

"I always drank coffee with the rest of the family, for it seemed as if there was nothing for breakfast if we did not have it on the table.

"I had been troubled some time with my heart, which did not feel right. This trouble grew worse steadily.

"Some times it would beat fast and at other times very slowly, so that I would hardly be able to do work for an hour or two after breakfast, and if I walked up a hill, it gave me a severe pain.

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**Ouida and Robert Barr.**

In view of the fact that Mr. Robert Barr, in the *Canadian Magazine*, made a severe attack upon six Canadians who, when naming their favorite authors, neglected to name any Canadian writers, mentioning almost exclusively British authors now dead, it may be interesting to quote from a recent article by Ouida in the *Fortnightly Review*. It would be a strange thing—it would be an evidence of a parochial taste in literature—if six Canadians in naming their favorite authors should include the names of Canadians. Among our native writers are men of much promise, but none who are masters, and the favorite author is necessarily a master with some special power which, though perhaps not capable of moving all readers, will profoundly stir some. Canada has no authors as yet in fiction who can do more than agreeably amuse readers for the time being. Our writers as yet do not create characters in their fiction who are as real as the recollection of readers as real persons. The personages in the average book of the day—whether by a Canadian or an English author—are indefinite, mist-enveloped figures that fade away as you close the book. They were probably unreal to the authors themselves. We have an army of short story writers—fifty men and women who are exceedingly smart hands at short story making. We have a dozen who write passable books, but I am satisfied that we have not yet one Master writer of fiction. When such a writer arrives he will command our attention and respect.

Among our writers there is probably too much imitation—too general a tendency to attempt to repeat the successes that other authors have won and to follow the fashions in the literature of the day. There are fashions in newspaper management, in book-binding, in book-writing, in the selection of titles. If somebody wrote a novel entitled *Tom* and it scored such a success (in sales) as did *Trilby* or *David Harum*, other writers would rush out books entitled *Bill*, *Jack*, *Josh* and *Dick*. This is not specially true of Canada, yet the tendency is here. We talk about a Canadian literature, but if we ever really secure such a thing it will be supplementary to the real English literature already stored up for the benefit of mankind—supplementary and not substitutionary, nor will it be imitative of those standard works, much less imitative of the inferior writings now produced so rapidly and enormously by British publishers.

Canadians cannot be expected to abandon Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Austen, Carlyle, Macaulay, Byron, Tennyson, or even those writers who in great numbers exist on a lower level than these, no matter how richly endowed may be Canadians who are writing fiction, history or poetry to-day or may be doing so to-morrow. We cannot abandon these great writers, because we cannot have competent writers or intelligent readers in English unless they are familiar with the work of these intellectual giants of the family to which we belong.

One man who really supplemented British literature with some volumes of Canadian literature was Haliburton. The writers who are giving us books dealing with episodes in Canadian history—like Parker, Roberts, Barr, Marquis and several one-book experiment makers—are really doing what any writer in the English language may do equally well. These stories are Canadian only in their geography, as was the case with one of Conan Doyle's best historical romances. Canadian literature must begin where Canadian character manifested itself. In brief, I see nothing Canadian in the work of Parker, Roberts, Barr, and all the romance writers whom I have mentioned or indicated, but in their protestations and in the geographical location of their plots. They are, if you like, adding to British literature; but they are not supplementing the British with a Canadian literature. What they write Conan Doyle might have written, or—allowing for difference of method—Weyman or Hope might have written. Although they write stories of Canada they are not Canadian story writers any more than is Doyle when he emigrates with his characters to the New World. These romance writers of ours are trained in the English school and they breathe into their work no secrets of their nativity. Their books are Canadian literature to the same extent that cattle bred, fattened and slaughtered in Scotland by Lord Strathcona are Canadian beef.

Haliburton's work is truly Canadian in spirit and essence. It is consciously national. Ralph Connor is a new man who writes without affectation and animates his work with a distinctive spirit. Another writer whom I would mention is Duncan Campbell Scott, whose *Viger* is a book that is instinct with the life of this country—or of one small part of it. The signs are, altogether, very encouraging.

Ouida probably puts her cause too strongly, yet, on the whole, I think her attack is likely to have a good influence. The number of volumes which pour annually from the English press is, at the present hour, appalling. One house alone produces, in number, enough volumes for the whole trade. Why are these volumes, usually worthless, ever produced? Why do the circulating libraries accept them? Who reads them? Who buys them? Why does one see in the lists

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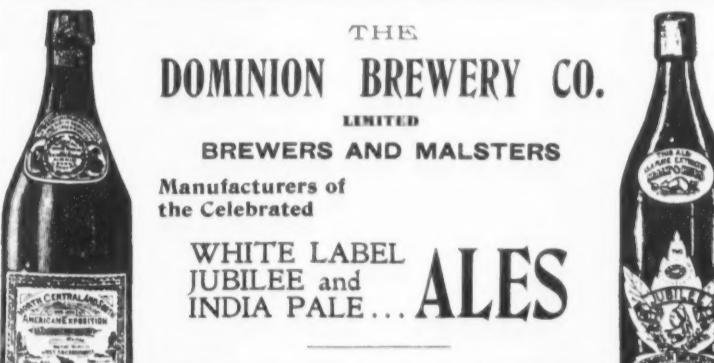
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The Drama.

SIR CHRISTOPHER DEERING remarked to Lady Rosamund Tatton that they were taking too many partners into their little scheme, and the event proved the truth of the prediction. An awkward situation had been brought about, and around this the whole drama of *The Liars* revolves. Gilbert Napean's wife, Lady Jessica, was as beautiful as her husband was boorish, and the great, the celebrated Edward Falkner—the lion of the hour who had done great deeds in Africa—fell desperately in love with this sweet, young, unappreciated wife. Lady Jessica was only looking for a little fun, but accidentally on purpose took the wrong turning on her way to the railway station, and found herself at a country inn where Falkner happened to be. Falkner with African—youth almost say with Boer impudence—had confidently expected her and had ordered a beautiful dinner. But before it was ready in walked George Napean, and out again he walked to telegraph his brother, Lady Jessica's husband. A low-bred family these Napeans seem to be. Fortunately Lady Rosamund is seen on the river and is called in, and she writes a letter on the printed stationery of the inn to George, asking him to call and see her next morning, when she will explain. This letter shows that Lady Rosamund was also at the inn. But along comes Lady Jessica's maid with a cab to take her mistress away, as her husband has wired that he will be home that night. The maid, having overheard this and thought that, drove to the inn on the off-chance of finding Lady Jessica, and the latter gladly drives away. The great Edward Falkner chews his fingers with rage. In bobs Sir Christopher, cheery and hungry, and the immortal Falkner sits, leaving Sir Chris to eat the precious dinner. Next day everybody joins in the task of concocting a lie that will hoodwink those horrid Napeans. One drops and then another, until half a dozen are involved in the lie by the time the Napeans arrive. Of course the lie is detected, and then Falkner tells the truth—that he loves Lady Jessica and doesn't care a rap what her husband thinks of it. The husband again proves a churl, and next day Lady Jessica has worried herself into a state of readiness to leave the country with Falkner, when Sir Christopher Deering gives them a talk upon what such a step would mean, and so the play ends with the wife going out on the arm of her husband, while Falkner makes eyes at her from a doorway and then flops into a chair. Next day he goes to Africa.

Lady Jessica was entitled to find a miserable life, since she must have married Gilbert Napean for money—a coarse, unbearable fellow. In view of what critics have written, it may be unwise for me to admit it, but Falkner filled me with amusement. I wondered why Sir Christopher did not kick the idiot. The cautious lover who selects married women as objects of attachment so that the peril may be theirs and not his, has never been an heroic figure, and Henry Arthur Jones cannot make him one even by having Sir Christopher Deering repeating over and over again references to his great deeds in Africa. Falkner, like his kind since the world began, was a selfish and contemptible creature whose real character was somewhat hidden behind a reputation that he brought from Africa, and which was probably not deserved. A Christopher Deering might have loved a Lady Jessica, but it would have been his highest pleasure to have suffered undetected. To destroy the women would not have occurred to his affection. Trig out your Falkners as you may, they remain contemptible creatures—contemptible in their selfishness and their weakness, for they cause shipwreck where better men save all who are in peril.

But it is a good play, and it has its valuable lessons. Lying does not pay. Flirting is dangerous for married women. To leave one's husband for another man is not only a crime, but one that brings punishment, and I would add (although the play does not authorize it) that the man who is run away with is generally

not half as good as the man who is deserted. Otis Skinner as Sir Christopher proved himself a fine actor, and Nanette Comstock as Lady Jessica displayed charm and talent. Henry Arthur Jones has some smart talk in the play. Sir Christopher says to his lady-love, who talks of joining a sisterhood: "A sisterhood! Why should a beautiful creature like you join a sisterhood? Are there not enough dear, good, ugly women in the world to fill the sisterhoods?" "Married a man who is not good enough for her?" he exclaimed. "Why, all women marry men who are not good enough for them."

Devil's Island, the spectacular play built upon the many tragic incidents of the Dreyfus case, will pay its farewell visit to Toronto next week, and will be seen at the Toronto Opera House. Since it was last produced here there have been several developments in the real life tragedy, the Dreyfus case itself, and the action of the play has been changed somewhat to take in the later incidents of the trial at Rennes, the sentence and pardon of the prisoner.

It is said that in *The Dairy Farm*, Miss Merron's pastoral play, the scenic effects are even more realistic than those of *Shore Acres*. The scene of the play is laid in the little village of Hurley, Ulster county, New York, and the story is very true to life. The costuming is said to be quaint and picturesque, and the stage furniture has been collected from the locality in which the story of the play is laid. The play is to be produced here during New Year's week, with the original New York cast, including the authoress, Miss Eleanor Merron, Jean Clark Walters, Grace Hopkins, Katherine Carlisle, Joseph Whiting, Arthur Saunders, Seymour Stratton and Alfred Johnson.

Andrew Mack's closing week in *The Last of the Rohans* at the New York Academy of Music, was a big triumph in the way of receipts and enthusiasm. On the final Thursday evening the Clan-na-Gael Society honored the comedian with an enormous theater party. The president of the association made a complimentary speech from his box between the acts, and the star replied happily from the stage. The receipts during Mr. Mack's metropolitan engagement were the largest ever drawn during the same period by any Irish actor in New York.

The performance of the Mitchell dramatization of Ouida's *Under Two Flags*, by the teachers and pupils of the Dramatic Department of the College of Music, given at the Pavilion last week, was a most artistic one, reflecting the greatest credit upon the school and all taking part. Carefully costumed—even elaborately so—sensibly staged and well acted throughout, it revealed that same skilful treatment which has characterized Mr. Shaw's productions in the past, and the same excellent instruction which he always gives



THE LATE SIR GEORGE AIREY KIRKPATRICK.

From a photo made in his study, Government House, Toronto.

received many words of praise for his clever work.

For more than twenty years the firm of Hyde & Behman have conducted a high-class vaudeville theater in the city of Brooklyn. The highest-priced artists in vaudeville, whether native born or of European extraction, have appeared under their management, and the best recommendation that a vaudeville artist could present to a manager to whom his or her talents were unknown, was the fact that he or she had successfully appeared at Hyde & Behman's. Mr. Louis C. Behman of this firm is therefore a man who has made this branch of the amusement profession a study, and it is no flattery to say that he is one of the very best posted men in this line in America. When a manager of this character organizes a company to tour the principal cities of the Union it is fair to presume that it will be one of the best which money and experience can get together, and a glance at the list of names which comprise "The Behman Show" for this season, is evidence that Mr. Behman has made his engagements carefully and sagaciously. The company is headed by the Four Cohans, unquestionably the leading entertainers in their line. They will appear in their screaming act *Running for Office*, which was written by George M. Cohan. Those celebrated Lilli-

jeska by Mr. Clinton Stuart and deals, of course, with the time of the French Revolution. The presentation of Shakespeare's popular comedy, *Much Ado About Nothing*, at the matinee on Saturday is almost as great a novelty as *Marie Antoinette*, for no adequate production of this play has been seen on the local stage during the present generation. Madame Modjeska plays the charming Beatrice, and Mr. Kellard the gallant Benedick. It should prove an ideal matinee offering. The engagement closes to-night with an elaborate production of *Macbeth*, when it is expected a great many students will attend.

A new idea in town is a little free publication, *The Amusement Record*, containing the programmes of all the theatres and announcements of all the concerts about to take place.

Pauline Hall has always been regarded as an opera singer of the first class, and at Shea's Theater this week she is warmly welcomed by Toronto's best people. Aside from her fine singing, her beautiful costumes are worth seeing. The entire bill this week is a good one, including good acrobatic work, songs, dances and general fun-making.

Hurly Burly at the Toronto Opera House this week is a clever mixture of vaudeville and comic opera. The drapery dancing of Mlle. Solarat is a feature of the performance.

The Cummings Stock Company is this week presenting *The Easign*, the romantic play by Haworth. It is fairly well treated.

Some of the English papers in saying that the late Charles Coghlan was the greatest Charles Surface of the generation, add that "his daughter, Miss Rose Coghlan, was long an American favorite."

Notes from the Capital.

ALMOST every one who received a card asking them to attend the meeting of the Red Cross Society at Government House, was in the ball-room of that mansion on Thursday afternoon, when the object and design of the Society was so clearly explained by no less an authority than His Excellency the Governor-General. An authority, not because he happens to be the Governor-General of Canada, but for the same reason that has made him take so keen an interest in the war from the very beginning, because he is a soldier.

His Excellency spoke well; he spoke as a soldier who had practical experience of the good work done by the Red Cross Society on the battle field. If any one hesitates about joining the Society that address of Lord Minto must have helped him to make up his mind to become a member.

Excepting Colonel Neilson, the chairman, who did more reading than speaking, the only other to address the audience was Major General Hutton. He, like Lord Minto, was in a position to give personal experience of the working of the Society. The meeting was a very large one and thoroughly representative, as such a meeting should be.

Pretty little books were given to about fifty ladies who were appointed collectors. The names and amount of subscriptions will be inscribed in these books. Mrs. Laurence Drummond, whose husband is with the Canadian Contingent in Africa, was a prime mover in establishing this branch in Ottawa. Without her energetic efforts it would not be in the flourishing condition it now is.

Lord and Lady Minto are keenly interested in its success, which, judging by the enthusiasm of Thursday's meeting, is assured.

There were few who left the ball room without being written down a member with entrance fee of one dollar paid up.

Later each member will receive a button with a Red Cross upon it, which will be the badge of membership.

And when all the money is collected,

what is Canada going to do with it?

Put strings are easily loosened these days at mention of the soldiers, so one feels certain a large amount will be forthcoming.

In Toronto Dr. Ryerson is at the head of affairs, and in Montreal Dr. Roddick, but no doubt it will be centralized in the end. Then the Canadian fund will be sent to the Commissioner of the British Red Cross Society in South Africa, who will employ it in purchasing aid and comfort (abstract terms which mean so much), for the sick and wounded soldiers, and

as General Hutton said, soldiers, though rough and rugged when they are well, when they are suffering and wounded appreciate the comforts of civilization just as much as any other man.

The May Court Club was at home to its friends on three afternoons last week.

There was an exhibition of work—fancy work of every description, from doll dressing up to exquisitely embroidered table centers. There were some good specimens of the bookbinders' art, the covers being original designs.

There were photograph frames of all sorts and conditions, which means all sizes and all colors, and calenders so pretty they will surely usher in a happy New Year to those who receive them.

There were sketches in water-colors and oils, and a few specimens of the art of the camera. Miss Loucks, a member of the club who has gone in professionally for ceramic art, had some beautiful pieces of china on view and a couple of good miniatures.

The exhibition proved that the girls of the May Court Club, though they do not delegate the industrious needle to a back seat in an antiquated pincushion, but keep it always ready in their smart little silk-lined work-baskets.

The Countess of Minto is almost as fond of the May Court as her predecessor the Countess of Aberdeen. She never refuses an invitation from them.

On the first afternoon of the exhibition Lady Minto was there looking as pretty as the fancy work. Her gown was scarlet cloth made in the simplest manner, with a square collar of white lace and a V in front filled in lace over which a collar of pearls was worn.

Her hat, a smart one of black velvet lined with tucked white silk, was worn at a becoming angle. Lady Victoria Grey was with her, and pretty little Lady Eileen, who, now that she is well and strong again, seems to enjoy everything that comes her way quite as much as her bright young sister, Lady Ruby. Captain Mann was the A.D.C. in waiting. He was also one of the few men in the room.

Fancy work does not appeal to the masculine mind nor has five o'clock tea many charms, or it may be the rumor of a salve as well as an exhibition kept the wary young men friends of the May Court "unavoidably absent."

This week the Woman's Art Association have been holding an exhibit of pictures in their studio, 193 Sparks street.

The pictures are for the greater part the work of the Association. Original drawings for the *Century Magazine* and *St. Nicholas* were kindly loaned by the *Century* Company. Later, probably in January, the Art Association intend having a loan exhibition, for which some of the best pictures in Canada have been promised, notably some of those in the possession of Montreal's millionaires.

Skating is to be as much, if not more, in the language of guff—the man who wrote it sneered as he did so at those who were to read it.

It is the bathos of cheap melodrama, and what steadfastness or moral worth can you expect to find in a people whose greatest newspapers are absolutely devoid of truth, honor, or seriousness in any of its world-leading and character-making forms? Another and a higher-class paper, the *New York Times*, sees the evil of which the desertion of Dewey is a symptom.

It is too bad, for our own sake and for Dewey's sake, it is too bad, not merely because it makes us appear ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners, but because these alternating currents of emotion, this most abrupt substitution of the cold shoulder for the warm heart, argue a want of steadiness in our make-up.

It is pointed out by some of the saner papers that Grant and Sherman both sold outright houses that were gifts to them from the nation, and the *Chicago Tribune* compares some of England's gifts to her heroes, and says that those who assail Dewey only succeed in showing their own littleness:

After Marlborough had routed a French army and captured a French marshal and his command, Parliament appropriated nearly two and a half million dollars to build for him Blenheim, which is still one of the most imposing and splendid edifices in Europe.

The English, however, after the battle of Waterloo, gave him Strathfieldsey, costing about \$1,300,000. Prior to Waterloo he had been made a duke, given a pension of \$50,000 a year, and voted nearly a million dollars in money.

When England makes presents to heroes it is on a grand scale, so the world may know the services of those heroes are fully appreciated.

It would be humiliating and belittling for this nation of 75,000,000 people, with vast wealth, enormous resources, and a limited domain, to have to be understood that he has manifested it in making a naval hero by giving him a \$50,000 house in Washington and then censoring him because he felt himself at liberty to make a present of it to his newly wedded wife.

The United States first made a hero of Dewey and then made a fool of him. Such is the proverbial ingratitude of republics.

Wife (to her husband)—I say, my dear, how badly the tailor has put this button on your waistcoat! This is the fifth time I have had to sew it on again.

"I say, dad," little Johnny began. "Now, what do you want?" asked his suffering father, with the emphasis on the "now." "Will my hair fall off when it is ripe, like yours?"

"How is it, doctor, that you are never seen any more with your old flame, the banker's daughter?" "Oh, she is married." "Married? To whom?" "To me."

—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

"I say, dad," little Johnny began. "Now, what do you want?" asked his suffering father, with the emphasis on the "now." "Will my hair fall off when it is ripe, like yours?"

"Manma, I saw a dog-to-day that had only three legs." "Weren't you awfully sorry for it?" "No; he had one more leg than I have."

Admiral Dewey's Rise and Fall.

BEFOR the return of Admiral Dewey to the United States, SATURDAY NIGHT quoted from a San Francisco newspaper the statement that the United States

would treat Dewey in such a way as to disprove "the proverbial ingratitude of republics." It seemed for a time that this boast would be carried out, and the world laughed a bit to see so great an excitement made over the home-coming of an Admiral who had crushed an enemy whose power of resistance was so small. It was estimated that two million visitors from outside places were in New York to see Dewey arrive. The sum of fifty thousand dollars was subscribed and a house was bought in Washington and presented to him. A few weeks went by and he married, and then it was announced that the Admiral had presented the house to his bride, and that the bride had forthwith deeded it over to the Admiral's son by a previous marriage. At once the hero of the republic was assailed, and when a biograph picture of him was shown in a Washington theater it was hissed. The newspapers adored Dewey in scare-head articles and editorials, and published letters from indignant patriots, while the funny men on the stage took it up and cracked jokes at the expense of the man who, day or two before, had been the idol of the nation.

If this is not "the proverbial ingratitude of republics," what is it? What more natural than that Dewey should desire his residence to his bride? What more natural than that the bride should desire it over to young Dewey? The Admiral is an old man and life is uncertain. By keeping it himself his bride would have right over dower in it, which might cause it to go to sole son of Dewey's death. If the Admiral, on marrying, had deeded it direct to his son, he would have looked like the panicky act of a man who feared marriage, but passing to his son through the hands of his bride ensured that the house—the gift of the nation—would go to the next Dewey in a way courteous to all and creditable on the part of all.

The fact seems to be that a great many people in the United States were looking for some pretext for railing at Dewey. Public adulation in the United States is too intense to last long. Too much was made of Dewey's manly, but inevitable, victory at Manila, and when the undue excitement had died down the revision came—just as similar excitements and reactions occur in France. Some papers, realizing how ridiculous a figure the people of the United States cut in the world's eyes in connection with Dewey, are championing him strongly. It is to an emotional, vain, unstable public that the *New York Journal* appeals as follows:

Suppose a war were to break out tomorrow. Ah! there is where the shoe pinches. It would be, "For God's sake, send Dewey to the front!" "By all means, hurry Dewey after them;" "Let the country rely on Dewey." Wall Street would go down on its marrow-bones and perform rites to him. The persons who regret their miserable contributions would turn to Dewey with prayers. Then do you know what this grizzled old soldier would do? No, not much, and, after all, the only domestic happiness he has ever known before him, he would buckle off his sword, hoist the four-starred flag of Faragut, and go to battle for the honor of his country and the welfare of his selfish countrymen.

This may be true, but it is expressed in the language of guff—the man who wrote it sneered as he did so at those who were to read it. It is the bathos of cheap melodrama, and what steadfastness or moral worth can you expect to find in a people whose greatest newspapers are absolutely devoid of truth, honor, or seriousness in any of its world-leading and character-making forms? Another and a higher-class paper, the *New York Times*, sees the evil of which the desertion of Dewey is a symptom.

The Teachers of Schools.

Some Ideas Gathered by an ex Pupil at the Banquet of the Toronto School Principals.

I F I report some of the ideas that were impressed upon me by those who made speeches, and give portraits of some of those who listened, well, that will be about as fair as I can make it. Those who do not speak at a banquet, instead of giving, should get votes of thanks. It is their turn. They endure much and complain little. In saying this no disparagement is intended to those who spoke at the School Principals' first annual banquet, for the speeches were excellent. But the listener is indispensable to speech-making and too little honored.

James L. Hughes said that in teaching history the object should be not to cram the pupil's head with "battles, kings, dates and things," but to fix firmly in his mind the way in which our social advantages of the present time have come about — how the great events of the past have made their influence felt down to our own day. Be practical. When a boy he had had all the manual training he could look after. From four to eight a.m. and from five to dark. In those days the boys were taught to knit, crochet, "tat," patch, and a good many other things which made them think while working. His mother has among her prized possessions, and it is his pride and delight to see her bring forth, when visitors are at the house, a patch quilt made by him when he was of the age of seven years. So he knows that technical, practical knowledge is the thing.

W. F. Chapman, Inspector of Public Schools, would like to see the wealthy men of this province come out with their fists full of glittering gold and do something big for schools, teachers, etc. There

may be other institutions in the line of educational progress from the cradle to the ballot-box, but for character-moulding the kindergarten cannot be beaten.

Chancellor Burwash asked: Who is our Prime Minister? A teacher. Who are five or six of the big men who sit with him and sway the destinies of this province? Teachers. Look all over this province and see the men who occupy the positions—who are they? Ex-teachers! They commenced their life-work as teachers.

S. McAllister said that among teachers there are all kinds of people, working away with varied degrees of "success," each doing his good deeds and many asking nothing more than the pleasure of serving mankind. Some get fame and some do not, but as an old lady once said to me: "What will it matter a hundred years from now?" The senator in the meeting of statesmen may not be doing the work that is being done every day for progress in the school-rooms of our province.

Dr. Parkin, at the beginning of his career decided that if, instead of going into law, as was his inclination, and so taking a living out of others ("as I have heard that the lawyers do"), he went into the teaching profession, in making a success of his life he must do a great deal of good to others at the same time. It was that phase of the matter which settled it for him. The reward of the teacher was the love and respect of those who knew him in his work. If he should travel from Halifax to Vancouver every stop of the train would bring to him the hand grasp of some former pupil—"old boys—and old girls."

But in Ontario the profession was not on a level with the occupations of the men who are looked up to among us. The salary paid to a teacher is not such as to place him in touch with the best influences of the world's good things—the drama, social life, etc. The teacher was not even given a house in which he could entertain the boys as men high in other walks of life could do. To teach properly a man should thrill with the electric influences of the time. Chancellor Burwash had instanced the rise of most of the men from the profession of teaching. It was no profession. In existing circumstances a man could not stay in it and rise. The average length of time spent in teaching by the young men was four years. At the end of four years he is just learning to teach, and at the time when he should be awakening to the possibilities and beauties of his teaching work, something which offers him more chance to rise comes along and another good man is lost to the profession. The system is pauperized. The people seem to be content to take the cheap and nasty, and until they wake up and give the teacher a chance to live, in his work

as men in other lines live, and a salary which will afford him opportunities to keep up with the best things that are going on, the teacher will never be any better fitted for his work or satisfied with his position than he is at present.

Dr. Parkin doesn't like the idea of exams. Some original pupil is sure to say: "Oh, fudge! I can't do these stated things as well as that confounded specialist up there—let it go to Ballyhoo!"

Principal Rogers, Dawson Street School. And off he goes to interest himself in some game of his own, perhaps a very good game, too, but not held in esteem among the examinationists. The men who are going forward in the world are the original ones. It is they who are wanted in every walk of life. Does our system bring out the best practical abilities of the boy—the individual? In England, you know, when a master becomes tired of his school duties, or thinks someone could attend to them better than himself, he is given an opportunity to take a rectorship in a parish, where he can take it easy for the rest of his days with a salary becoming his position, and for tasks, a little parochial work at most. During his teaching life he has no need to keep an eagle-eye skinned for a job that will bring him into touch with those whose ability and good qualities he equals—he is in his place now; he can go ahead and devote his energies and the best that is in him to making teaching the work of his life. The position is big enough to admit all that his brains and graces can give it, and when he is through he knows there is another work that he can take up with almost the same interest, though without the wear and tear of the former one. When Canada gets in shape to conduct the school system along lines similar to these we may look for better results from our teachers.

There is no person, however remotely placed from school-teaching, but will see a great deal of truth in the pointed statements made by Dr. Parkin. Canada should recognize her obligations to properly reward those who give her services in the higher walks, such as teachers, editors and artists.

FERGUS KYLE.

The Public.

BY ALBERT KINROSS.

THEY made Calverley talk. He was supposed to have seen things and to know everybody.

"Tell us about somebody really great," said Mrs. Latimer. "Of course all those actors and journalists and novelists and people are amusing, but they're not really great, they won't live. Now somebody who will live, she said, dwelling on the word, 'well, they're different."

Calverley was not averse. He smiled. "But, will you respect my opinions?" said he. "You can't prove these things, you know."

"But who is he?" asked Miss Fowler. "We're sure to know him if he's done anything."

"I don't see that," said Calverley, "but you'll have to take my word, for I'm not going to mention names."

"Oh, but how are we to tell?" asked Miss Fowler.

"You're not. You see it's a story, the sort Mrs. Latimer asked for. My duty ends there. I'm not going to give the really great one away. The little ones do it for themselves, so there's no harm in my exposing them."

The circle round the fireplace waited now, and Calverley said: "He's written a great deal, say book a year, ever since he could find a publisher, and everybody who can read him swears by him. I swear by him. Of course he's not popular, but he's waited for. He's one of the two or three that have the large grip-like Meredith or Henry James, you know. Well, he's revered in London—it's a big word, but it's not stretching it. He's accepted by everybody as is anybody, and even the literary papers swear by him now. And then the foreign academies have sent him diplomas, and he's translated into half a dozen languages, so there's no doubt about it. That's his work, and he's just as good. I love him. It's a funny word to use about a man, but you can't help it."

"We understand," said Mrs. Latimer, "but who is he? Is he Morris?"

"No," said Calverley, "and I'm not going to say, or else if I say there'll be no story."

Everybody gave up then, and let Calverley go on, although Miss Fowler did whisper: "It's rather absurd."

"Well, he's placed like this now," resumed the storyteller: "he's a name and can go anywhere worth going to, and the good papers ask him for three times as much as he can write. I know him because I reviewed him, and he says it was the best review he ever had. So we're friends, and I see more of him than most people. He's easy to get along with, and doesn't take any liberties; goes out just the same as I do, and dresses right—in fact he might be here now, you wouldn't know the difference. I got to know him better still, though, and this is the story—because of Sparks. Anybody know Sparks?"

Jimmy Hurst and Miss Fowler knew Sparks. They had read it in the train. "It's a sort of *Tit-Bits*, only, perhaps,

he did, but he had to change his name. You see they'd evidently got to know him, and at my suggestion he signed himself 'The Rev. J. W. Smith.' The Reverend turned the scale."

"And is he in the scrap-book?" asked young Saunders.

"He is. The story of Mrs. Noggs and Her Thirteen Purses, Rev. J. W. Smith's second accepted piece, fetched the mother. She read it aloud to him the following Sunday. He said nothing till the end. When he confessed she was incredulous, but he had evidence of some sort, and I backed him up. And the funniest part of the business is that he never saw the pathos of it all till I mentioned it. He had been so much in earnest, and the business had been such a serious one to him, that he'd overlooked its other sides."

"And his name?" asked Miss Fowler. "You might tell me."

"You know, or at least you ought," said Calverley.

"I know," said Mrs. Latimer. "It's anybody who wants to do anything above the average."

"And the mother's the Public?" asked Calverley.

"That's what it amounts to," said Calverley.—*The Outlook.*

should cease to chant the gratuitous story of their prowess.

It needs but a mental review of the incidents of the present war to convince any reasonable person that so far it is the British who have shown fighting qualities. With preponderating forces the Boers have pursued a timorous campaign. They have hung around Kimberley, Mafeking and Ladysmith, firing long range guns, but carefully refraining from venturing into close quarters. Great riflemen as they are reputed to be, they have only once in six weeks moved within rifle shot of Ladysmith, and were repulsed in a battle too grim for their taste. Although on the defensive, the British have been compelled, in every instance, in order to get within feeling distance of the enemy, to leave their own breastworks and attack the entrenched hills where the aggressors in superior numbers lay. Such successes as the Boers have had were due to the failure of some daring movement rendered necessary by the hanging back of the Boers—as at Nicholson's Nek, where in a night enterprise among the Boer-infested hills the ammunition wagons were run off with by the mules, and again where Gen. Gatacre, with a small force, traveled two hours by rail and seven hours on foot by night and found the Boers perched on an inaccessible hill-top with no end of cannon.

At Modder River, General Lord Methuen was compelled to attack an almost impossible position, yet he carried it. Superior in men and guns, invading British territory and supposedly on the aggressive, yet the Boers have shown less stomach for fighting outside their entrenchments than would French, Germans, or Russians.

If one may judge from the talk of the streets, Toronto people are disposed to go to extremes. When a little victory was won by the British at Dundee, people said that the war would be over before the Canadians could reach Cape Town; now that a few troops were captured at Stormberg, people seem inclined to think that the war will never end. We should try to overcome these weak tendencies, these sudden rushes from hot to cold. What if Gatacre's handful is beaten? What if Lord Methuen's handful is held back? These are mere side plays in which only a few men are engaged out of the British force of over 100,000 men now in South Africa. It seems clear enough that these small columns are but intended to disguise the real operations of General Buller, to keep the Boers busy, to occupy the tongue of rumor while real war is being prepared for. The game has not seriously begun yet; the great body of British has not yet been brought into play. We may wisely wait and keep cool.

Some Canadian Books.

THE very hearty praise which Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison's *Forest of Bourg-Marie* has been receiving lately in

London literary circles should be gratifying to Canadian hearts, and should certainly lead Torontonians especially to buy this very clever book by a local writer, who in much of her work has touched a very high point of perfection. The *Forest of Bourg-Marie*, which depicts in such an admirable way the forest region of Quebec with its pillar shades and its romance of the past, is an exquisite bit of work, which all those who take an interest in Canadian literature should hasten to place upon their shelves, in order that from time to time they may be able to read to their friends the exquisite passages of description which it contains, and the romantic chapters in which the life of Quebec is so romantically painted.

Professor Clark is so well known in Toronto that many persons who are not of a theological turn will like to possess a book from his pen. This opportunity will be given them by the early issue of *The Paraclete: a Series of Discourses on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit*, which will be published by Morang & Co. The lectures contained in this volume are the *Slocum Lectures* for 1899, and are now being delivered by the Rev. Professor at Ann Arbor University, Michigan.

Another proof positive of Grant Allen's versatility and resourcefulness is found in the fact, recently disclosed, that he and Olive Pratt Rayner, author of *The Typewriter Girl*, and Rosalba, were one and the same person. No critic was discerning enough to discover any similarity of style between the two writers, and this is all the more curious when it is recalled that Miss Cayley's *Adventures and Rosalba* were issued almost simultaneously last summer.

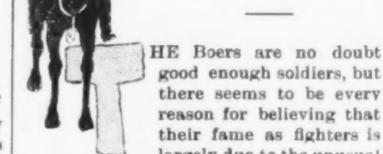
The reception accorded SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas Number by the Canadian press from one end of the Dominion to the other is very gratifying to the publishers. To sell out the entire edition in a few days proves that public favor has been won; to receive the generous and unanimous praise of the press of the country proves that the judgment of the men who are themselves in the publishing business approves the result of our labors. It is the highest reward of effort, and although we have for twelve years issued Christmas Numbers—often at a decided loss—this is the first year that the press has met us with widespread cordiality. Not only SATURDAY NIGHT but the *Globe* has this year published Christmas Numbers that hold their own with the English and French numbers that not long ago filled the Canadian field.

Twelve years ago SATURDAY NIGHT made the pioneer effort in this direction, and has persevered ever since in an always expensive and often thankless attempt to produce a Canadian Christmas Number that would do credit to the country when sent across the ocean. It is an enterprise that very often proves more patriotic than profitable, as various publishers have found out. With us it was a thing that we were pledged to and could not back out of, and so we have made our Christmas Number an institution. The newspapers of the country have gone out of their way to speak well of our efforts this year, and we desire to sincerely thank them.



The Late Marchioness of Salisbury.

Are Not the Boers
Over-Praised?



THE Boers are no doubt good enough soldiers, but there seems to be every reason for believing that their fame as fighters is largely due to the unusual magnanimity of the British people who in and out of season have been praising them. For twenty years this has been going on in the British and colonial newspapers, and those who say that the fighting of the Boers at Majuba Hill or anywhere else explains this attitude of the British towards an enemy, take a very hasty view of the matter. The Boers may be brave, they may be good shots, they may rally quickly after defeat, yet qualities equally deserving of praise have been met with by the British in wars against other races—the fighting nations of Europe. It is ever the Boers who are praised—Kruger, Joubert, Cronje, the burghers. All over the Empire, in London, Melbourne, Toronto, the newspapers print anecdotes of the leading men of the Dutch Republics, invent interesting bits of fiction about them, and keep rolling up the snowball of their fame. Here is one of the innumerable anecdotes that circle the Empire about Kruger:

"Then he told me how he'd tried a dozen or two ways of doing the right sort of thing for *Sparks*. He'd soaked in the wretched rag, he'd imitated its finest efforts, he'd sought out its contributors and hobnobbed with them till his soul revolted. But somehow he had never managed to bring it off. Then he had tried another tack. He took lodgings in an awful suburb and had his meals with the family. He hoped to get the subscriber's point of view there—to get *Sparks* that way. They dined in the kitchen and spent their Sundays in the parlor. He thought he'd get their note, but, by Jove! they got his! They liked him, and he had only to be his own blessed self the whole while. He came back without a flaw and hopeless as ever. Then he had a weak moment. 'Dogs that *Elude Their Muzzles*' was a *Sparks* masterpiece. He had composed it with the greatest care, and he took it up himself. A boy refused him admittance to the editor, and then his blood got the better of him. He sent it in his name, a name that carries in most houses. But here it was brought back to him. First of all he swore, and then seeing the fun of it all, he laughed. The editor was to be told that he was waiting, and that he hadn't much time to spare. The boy, in trepidation, yielded a second time, but *Sparks* knew nothing of my friend, and apparently doesn't want to."

"Did he get in?" asked Mrs. Latimer. Calverley laughed. "I'm sorry to say



Gorgeous-looking individual—Most extraordinary weather, ain't it! First it's 'ot, then it's cold. Blow me, if one knows 'ow to dress!'—Punch.

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

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New York, Southampton (London), Bremen
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thursday, Jan. 4, 10 a.m.
Sail... Tuesday, Jan. 9, 10 a.m.
Trave... Tuesday, Jan. 16, 10 a.m.
New York—Bremen

Rhein... Thursday, Dec. 28, 10 a.m.
H. H. Meier... Thursday, Jan. 4, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN NORTH GER. LLOYD

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Bismarck... Jan. 3	Jan. 12	Jan. 14
Colombia... Jan. 9	Jan. 18	Jan. 20
Ems... Jan. 20	Jan. 29	Feb. 1
Kaiser Wm. II... Jan. 27	Feb. 4	Feb. 8
Werra... Feb. 3	Feb. 12	Feb. 15
Bismarck... Feb. 10	Feb. 19	Feb. 22
Alster... Feb. 17	Feb. 24	Feb. 25
Ems... Feb. 24	Feb. 25	Feb. 26
Kaiser Wm. II... Feb. 3	Feb. 10	Feb. 11
Lv. New York.	Ar. Gib...	Al-k... andria.
F. Bismarck... Jan. 3	Jan. 12	Jan. 14
Columbia... Jan. 9	Jan. 18	Jan. 20
Ems... Jan. 20	Jan. 29	Feb. 1
Kaiser Wm. II... Feb. 3	Feb. 10	Feb. 11
Werra... Feb. 17	Feb. 24	Feb. 25
Bismarck... Feb. 24	Feb. 25	Feb. 26
Alster... Feb. 24	Feb. 25	Feb. 26
Ems... Feb. 24	Feb. 25	Feb. 26
Kaiser Wm. II... Feb. 3	Feb. 10	Feb. 11

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Anecdotal.

A four-year old Toronto boy was recently going to Sunday school for the first time, and before he left home carefully committed to memory the golden text for the day, which was "Watch and Pray." He was so affected by stage fright, however, when asked in Sunday school to say the golden text, that his answer was "Gold watch."

In Vienna last year Mark Twain was talking with a Scotch barrister named Guthrie. "Do you ever smoke?" asked Mr. Clemens. "Yes, Mr. Clemens," replied Mr. Guthrie, "when I am in bad company." "You are a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Guthrie?" "Yes, I am." "Ah,"

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said Mr. Clemens, "you must be a heavy smoker."

The New York *Herald* was represented at the Dreyfus trial at Rennes by Marcel Prevost. Vance Thompson relates in the *Saturday Evening Post* that he met Prevost just after the verdict had been announced. Everyone was buzzing, "Dreyfus has been found guilty—with extenuating circumstances!" "What do you suppose the extenuating circumstances are?" Thompson asked. "I dare say his innocence," was Prevost's reply.

An Iola soldier relates that one day General Otis came out on the firing-line and ordered the shooting to cease. A Kansas boy, who thought he was doing all sorts of damage to the insurgents, kept on shooting. "Didn't you hear my command to cease firing?" thundered the general. "Who are you?" asked the soldier. "I'm General Otis," Otis, hell, responded the soldier. "I know that isn't all?" he asked. "Every word that he ever wrote that has been published in this country," said she. "Don't you know I am Kipling mad?" The man collapsed. "No, I don't. I have only heard his poems sung," he said lamely. "This week I've heard that thing about hanging a soldier, and that other about the chum who was lost at the Ford, and the one about the soldier who was sick of London, and wanted foreign service again, and then, this Recessional; and I don't care what else he wrote, if he only wrote that last one, he has earned his butt of wine." And all the people in the audience below said, Amen. Never mind what to; it came as a gratification to the man from Hamilton, and he smiled as he heard it.

Don't keep important letters. By this I do not mean those on business matters, which, of course, one should baffle, but other kind of important ones. There are letters tied up in private drawers of desks in Toronto which could set society afame in several quarters, and which should be destroyed by the hoarders before sunset. There are letters in clergymen's library table drawers, from men and women in trouble of various sorts, which in another church would never have been added to his own collection. He asked the price. "Twenty thousand francs," replied the dealer. The Englishman paid the money, and then, throwing the flower on the floor, crushed it with his heel.

During the Civil War the law school at Cambridge was presided over by Professors Parsons, Parker and Washburn. They were divided in their political views and each did his best to sustain his opinion. Professor Parker was one day asked: "How do you get along on politics at the law school?" "Nicely," he answered; "we are equally divided." "But how can that be?" continued the enquirer, "since there are three of you?" "Easy enough," replied the professor. "Parsons writes on one side and I on the other, and Washburn—he speaks on one side and votes on the other."

One may safely conclude from the following story that the good old faith of Calvin is very much alive yet. An American lady who was in the Highlands shooting with her husband attended the local kirk one Sunday morning, but left it with scandalous precipitation. For an hour the good minister had been furiously raging at his benighted congregation, and wound up: "And perhaps" (with pious cunning) "you'll be thinking, ye wairless waistrels, that ye can daddle into Paradise by clootchin' ta' my coat-tails! Dibna be deevilit, for mark weel" (a pause of stern and holy joy), "when the Trump of Gabriel sounds, I'll sneak them all!"

Captain Charles Utley, a prominent citizen of Seattle, is not blessed with an abundance of hair. Not long ago he was arguing the advantages of hairlessness to a circle of laughing friends. One of them said jeeringly: "I suppose you will claim that baldness is poetic?" "Certainly; it is impossible to see a bald man in a brilliantly illuminated room without being reminded of the line, 'In the fierce light which beats about the crown.'" That was well turned. A well-known Toronto architect recently listened for some time to a man with a mass of hair, arguing that genuses had abundant hair, and that wealth of hair indicated wealth of intellect. "Well, for my part," said the architect, "I prefer to think that my brains do not serve as manure for a large crop of hair."

Well—I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything. Belle (sweetly)—You couldn't get into them, my dear.

What is love? asks everybody, and somebody replies: "It is feeling that you don't want another fellow fooling around her."

Vox Populi.

A New Laureate—Old Letters—Platonic Gifts.

WHAT a curious thing is the voice of the people! And yet how convincing, and what a strength and freedom it carries with it! Sometimes the people speak wildly and frantically, when the lower impulse moves the lower stratum. Sometimes the voice seems to have caught its tone from some divine key-note, some seraphic tuning fork, and the voice rolls and swells and throbs, and gathers strength and earnestness as it is reinforced by all the better power, the upper soul registers of the people. Then truly, the voice of the people is the very voice of God. It sounds in great moments; it rolls in the deep tones of an amen, in the minor ery of the riven heart, which sobs, "Though He slay me, I will trust in Him;" it is sometimes such a small voice, this voice of the people, that its whisper is like birds stirring in their nests at dawn—crying for food—but when that voice of the people cries, let the king set his crown firm!

plants "messy" and troublesome, or a rare book to a girl who adores Duchess stories, or a picture to a young thing who papers her snuggery with posters and fancy chromo heads? First describe or understand your girl, then buy your birthday present for her.

LADY GAY.

Medical authorities are a unit in declaring that the excessive use of tea and coffee is responsible for much of the dyspepsia, heart trouble, and stomach debility which is so prevalent nowadays. On the other hand, pure chocolate has no injurious effect on either nerves or stomach. It is easily digested and agrees marvelously with weak constitutions. Chocolate, which is admixed with the best form of chocolate, has displaced both tea and coffee in hundreds of homes throughout Canada. It is a delicious drink, combined with a nourishing and strengthening food. It is manufactured in the largest factory in the world, under the direction of experts whose reputation is a guarantee of its quality.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons not studied.

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MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

be a moving spirit. You idealize your friends and can give a better life to your enemies.

MARIE.—A diary is very useful, if your life is rather full of events, but dangerous as a chronicle of small beer. As the wise Englishman said, on being asked how to keep a diary, "Keep it shut." I don't think the habit will be of long duration with you. Frankly, if I were you, I should also keep a spelling-book, and use it unremittently. Your writing is quite immature, and shows

A Most Deserving Charity.



AT the Christmas season people who are in sound health should not altogether forget those who are not, and people whose children are sound in health and in limb should not forget the little unfortunate who are deformed, but who, if skillfully treated when young, may have life and activity assured to them. The Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, cares for sick and crippled children from all parts of the Province of Ontario, and it is making an appeal to the public to raise the sum of \$30,000, which is the amount of its debt.

In twenty-three years of work the Hospital has nursed and treated thirty thousand children, and during the past year treated five thousand indoor and outdoor patients. The responsibility resting upon every person to lend a hand to a work so large and so important as this, can only be evaded by refusing to read and know what the work is. There are some charitable enterprises that accomplish benefits that are largely unseen and impossible to estimate, but the good effected by this hospital for sick and crippled children is so immediate and considerable that it arrests instant attention. No father or mother or other person who has reasons for looking on life seriously, can read of the work being done without feeling compelled to assist in some way.

The better to procure the appliances needed in curing the deformities of many little patients, the hospital trustees have this year added a very important department to the hospital. A building adjoining the large hospital in College street was purchased, and in it were placed the machinery and material needed for the making of all kinds of appliances needed in different cases of surgery. An expert workman has been secured from New York to superintend the making of these appliances to the exact measurements and designs submitted by the surgeons attending each case.

The results have been eminently satis-

under the age of fourteen, who can be benefited by treatment—those who can pay for treatment doing so, but those who cannot being made equally welcome.

The hospital is one of the largest institutions of its kind in the world. In it there is accommodation for 200 children.

To day there are more than 100 patients in the cots—babies, boys and girls.

In close affiliation with the hospital is The Lakeside Home for Little Children, the convalescent branch, where all the patients who can be moved are taken to spend the warm summer months. The Lakeside Home was a gift of a Toronto gentleman to the hospital. It is located on the south-west corner of Toronto Island, and the situation is a breezy and health-giving one.

The ordinary expenditure of the hospital last year was \$35,000, and not only was public interest in the work real enough to meet this, but also to lift \$25,000 of the debt. The trustees are now appealing to the public to raise the \$30,000 that still stands against the hospital, so that, unhampered by any financial difficulty, this great charity may reach its highest usefulness. If the reader will give a dollar even, it will count, because a hundred such donations will support a cot in the hospital for a year, and \$2,000 will endow a cot for all time.

Through the columns of the Toronto Evening Telegram each donation will be acknowledged, as well as in the annual report. J. Ross Robertson, chairman of the Hospital Trust, Toronto, to whom donations may be sent, will also send written acknowledgment of any donations as soon as received.

Arbitration and Strikes.

NEW ZEALAND has anticipated the rest of the world by enacting a law which deals so rationally with all trade disputes that it has actually pre-

pared a settlement.

In case either party will not accept the decision, the matter is referred to the State Court. This consists of one person representing the trade-unions, one the employers, and a chairman, a judge of the Supreme Court, appointed by the Governor. The court has a three years' term and is wisely independent of politics.

A decision by this court is final and must be accepted, under a penalty for violation, not exceeding five hundred pounds, or twenty-five hundred dollars. Moreover, when a dispute has been referred to the conciliation board, and until it is finally settled, a strike or lock-out is illegal.

That there have been about fifty cases referred to district boards or to the court in the past five years, that during that time there has been neither strike nor lock-out in New Zealand, and that in every case the decision has been accepted by both parties, seems to prove, either that the law is excellent, or that it is excellently administered. Perhaps it demonstrates both propositions. The necessity for the passage of a similar law in this country is too apparent to require argument. Aside from the interests of the employers and the employed, the greater interests of the general public demand it.

Mrs. Belmont's Salon.

MRS. OLIVER H. P. BELMONT has tired of dinners and dances and the other forms of entertainment which prevail in society, and will go in for literature this winter (says the New York Journal). Those who pretend to know her ambitions say she desires to have a *salon*, where the lions in art, literature and science will meet, and where talent instead of wealth will be the standard for admission. No woman in New York society is better able to accomplish this, for not only is Mrs. Belmont one of the cleverest and wittiest women of the smart set, but one whose tact and personal magnetism attract bright persons to her. She can converse on any subject, and possesses the rare art (among women) of being an excellent

mont will have. Her ambitions go beyond the mere gathering of bright persons. Like Mrs. Stevens, she wishes to keep pace with them in their work, so it is said, to be better able to appreciate it than she does now: to be able to help them, and perhaps accomplish something herself. Mrs. Cruger, under her pen-name of Julian Gordon, has won literary laurels as a novelist, and Mrs. Frederick Tams, who is credited with the desire to have a *salon*, writes letters which some of her friends say compare favorably with those of Mme. de Sevigny. Certainly, if Mrs. Belmont's clever repartee could be transcribed to paper, she soon would win fame. She is a wonderfully well-informed woman, and has excellent taste in art. As she always accomplishes what she undertakes, it is safe to say that her *salon* will be one of the most interesting drawing rooms in town this winter.

How to Laugh.

"Laugh and grow fat" is the old proverb, but it would read more truthfully did it run "Grow fat and laugh." As it stands it puts the cart before the horse. It is the superabundant health of the fat man that makes him laugh—that makes him fat. Laughter bubbles out of him like water out of a spring. But no amount of laughing would make a fat man out of a thin one.

Health in the first place, is the secret of the easy laugh, the laugh that lies always ready to burst forth. The laugh that is squeezed out mechanically than which nothing is so inspiring to melancholy, belongs to the dyspeptic, the man of poor digestion, the man who needs Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Look at the man who can laugh a laugh that is a laugh, the stout ruddy hearty chap who eats as heartily as he laughs. He didn't laugh to grow fat. He grew fat because his digestion was good and laughs for the same reason. He is not the man Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are intended for.

Now glance at the thin, faintly smiling individual whose nearest approach to a laugh is a grunt, who looks sad at the richest joke, who tells you he has no appetite—is he liable to get fat by laughing? He can't laugh. He hasn't got it in him. His digestive system is weak. He hasn't got vitality enough to waste in laughing. To such people as these Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are recommended. They restore strength and energy to the digestive organs and as surely as this is done is a man liable to "laugh and grow fat."

A View of War.

REV. DR. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, a clergyman who recently visited the United States, read a paper dealing with war and made some interesting statements:

War squanders and degrades the noble impulse which gave it being. If the impulse could go at once to its object, as when a father boxes a troublesome boy's ears, or a passerby knocks down a scoundrel who is insulting a woman, there might be some justification for militarism in the community. But war is just what never happens. Months and years intervene between the honest indignation and the declaration of war, and a still longer period drags on until the end of the fighting. Not many persons can bear the strain of a noble purpose again and again thwarted, its fulfilment indefinitely, hopelessly delayed. History tells us that the martyrs can; it also tells us that the soldier can not; the politician can not; the people in public meeting can not. We have seen the process of deterioration more than once. The nation is sincerely enthusiastic; but the conduct of the war passes into the hands of men with whom war is a profession; and it gives opportunity to the unscrupulous speculator to make his gain. As the months go on, there is great searching of heart among Christians: with those who are not Christian the generous impulse becomes the ignoble necessity of finishing what has been begun. Then, as the opposition is prolonged, the determination is come to use any and every means to put down the enemy; something like malignant temper may appear where the original motive was so good. If there is a marked inequality between the combatants, or if one side has roundly beaten the other, the conquerors do not stop with righting the wrong, they aim at punishing the beaten party. They lay *iniquitous* pagan snares; they will tell the world who talk of "indemnity." If the nations are fairly matched, both are weary of the struggle long before it is ended; terms are proposed and accepted far less satisfactory to either than could have been arrived at without fighting; but there is no grace in the proposal or the acceptance—only a rankling sense of humiliation and necessity; forbidding concord between the nations.

Where Glory Led.

Residents in Eton were much startled the other morning by hearing the College bell tolling, this being happily an infrequent occurrence. Prompt enquiry disclosed the melancholy fact that news had reached the College of the death, during the fighting outside Ladysmith, of Major Myers, Adjutant of the Eton Boys' Rifle Corps. This was sad enough, but it was rendered the more melancholy by the fact that this gallant officer had, after a distinguished career in the Army, during which he had seen much active service and gained numerous honors, apparently settled down to peaceful life at the College. But, finding that his old regiment was going to the front, he at once volunteered and paid his own passage out, and was killed within two days of

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his arrival at Ladysmith. Major Myers was immensely popular with the boys in the College corps, who deeply regret his tragic end.

Willing to Qualify.

A few days ago recruit was taken to be sworn in by the magistrate. Everything was going on swimmingly till the magistrate asked the man the following question:

"Have you ever been in prison?"

At this the man looked startled, but quickly recovering himself, he blurted out: "No, sir, I have never been in gaol; but I don't mind doing a few days if you think it necessary."

Edith—He told me I was so interesting and so beautiful. Maud—And yet you will trust yourself with a man who begins deceiving you even at the commencement of his courtship!

They had been engaged to be married fifteen years, and still he had not mustered up courage enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a

peculiar frame of mind, and asked her to sing something tender and touching, something that would "move him." She sat down at the piano and sang, Darling, I am Growing Old.

Caller—Is your mistress in? Maid—Did you see her at the window as you came up the walk? Caller—No. Maid—Well, she said if you hadn't seen her to say she was out.

May (indignantly)—I don't care; I think Harry Easterleigh is downright mean! Marle—Why, May? May—Well, he wrote me from Egypt, saying he had shot a crocodile seven feet long, and that when he shot another he would have a pair of slippers made for me. I'll never speak to him again.

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Music.

As predicted in this column last Saturday, the refusal of the Union members of the regimental bands of the city to play at certain engagements made for them by their bandmasters, because there happened to be non-union players associated with them, has led to the military authorities taking the decided action of ordering the bandmen back to the ranks, and thus Toronto is now without any military musical organizations save the fife and bugle corps. The several bandmasters have, however, been instructed to organize new bands composed of men who will faithfully observe the military rules. This will be a matter of time, as efficient bands are not made in a few months. It is only right to state that the military authorities wish it distinctly understood that they have no objection to the Musical Protective Union as such, but they are determined to have their bands controlled by the officers of the regiments without interference from outside associations.

Our talented young solo pianist, Mr. Frank S. Welsman, will give a recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening next, and has engaged for the occasion Dr. Duff, the famous New York basso, who will contribute a choice selection of songs.

All the reports that have so far come to hand speak in most favorable terms of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new comic opera, *The Rose of Persia*. We are told that it would seem as if some magic philtre had put into the composer's pen much of the old fire and spirit, and all of the old masterly musicianly ease and freedom. The score is described as positively seductive in its charm and sweetness. "It is years," says a London critic, "since we have had any thing from him so exquisite as the deliciously Sullivanian song in the second act with its apt refrain, Try to Forget. How happy, how graciously arch and exactly appropriate is the setting of Dancing Sunbeam's Bunch of Keys song in the first act! How merrily trivial, yet how entirely free from commonplace is Sir Arthur's treatment of Hassan's auto-biographical ditty. And what spontaneous gaiety, dash and go are there in Yusuf's bright bacchanal!" Captain Basil Hood, the librettist, comes in for a fair share of the praise, and it is said that his book is the work of a cultured humorist, and is distinguished for playful fancy, literary grace, and happy inspiration. So enthusiastic a chorus of praise makes one long for an early production of the opera in this city.

It may be interesting to many of our readers to hear that in the cast of the opera at the Savoy is Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, whose dazzling feats of vocalization at a couple of concerts in the Massey Hall some years ago astounded the public. She has evidently lost none of her "agility," as the press notices speak of her execution of florid passages and almost impossible ascensions up the musical scale.

Messrs. Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton, the composers of *A Runaway Girl*, are busy on the score of a new musical play for the London Gaely Theater. Mr. Monckton's Soldiers in the Park is the most popular number that has ever come from his pen. So far as Toronto is concerned, however, the song will lose its point for some time, as there will be no band to listen to.

Advices dated Dec. 2 state that Paderewski contributed to the Mansion House war fund the sum of \$5,700, being the receipts of his recital in St. James' Hall on the preceding Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Watkin Mills gave a second song recital on Friday evening of last week in the Massey Hall. He sang, with encores, nineteen numbers, altogether too exacting a task for any vocalist to attempt on the concert platform. Mr. Mills had previously sung at five concerts during the week, so that he evidently does not spare himself. I may hazard the opinion that artists often endanger their reputation by the practice of giving these long recitals. There is apt to be a monotony in such performances for a single voice, and the audience before the close of the concert suffer from satiety, and become dissatisfied and over-critical. Mr. Watkin Mills' most felicitous efforts on the night under notice were Handel's *Honor and Arms*, and Ho! Jolly Jenkins from *Sullivan's* opera *Ivanhoe*, both of which songs were interpreted with just the right spirit and style and suit Mr. Mills' voice to perfection.

Judging from the programme issued, the concert to be given on Tuesday evening next at West Association Hall will be of exceptional interest. It is to be in aid of a very popular cause—the Canadian South African Contingent benefit fund, and a crowded house may be expected.

The programme, consisting of vocal and piano solos, a duet, readings, pantomime and a sparkling farce, is furnished entirely by the Metropolitan School of Music, the electionary department under the direction of Miss Lillian Burns and the musical under Mr. W. O. Forsyth. Tickets (ten cents) may be obtained at the Metropolitan or, on the evening of the event, at West Association Hall.

The third of the series of praise services and organ recitals being given in Old St. Andrew's church this season by Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, organist, assisted by the choir, will take place on Monday evening, December 18, and will, among other numbers, include several Christmas carols. Lovers of music may expect an enjoyable evening. There will be a silver collection in aid of the organ fund.

A pretty cantata, *Edith's Dream*, will be given by the Junior Department of the Toronto College of Music, on Monday evening, Dec. 18th, in Guild Hall, McGill street, under the direction of Miss Nellie Berryman. The chorus has been trained by Miss Eleanor Kennedy, who will pre-

side at the piano. The solo parts are taken by the young students themselves. A most interesting and entertaining evening is anticipated. The tickets are fifteen cents.

The Musician says: There is altogether too much piano study for the best interests of music as an art. The viola, 'cello, oboe and French horn are so little studied that the majority of people do not know of their existence. Parents, encourage the study of other instruments if you would enjoy the delights of home music. The violin forms part of the musical equipment of every home, and with piano and violin beautiful music is possible. If other instruments can be added so much the better. But remember that there are many other instruments besides the piano.

"It is a noteworthy fact," says London *Musical Opinion*, "that nearly all the most distinguished vocalists have excelled also as players of some musical instrument or other. Liszt's eulogy of Malibran's pianistic powers was such as almost to result in the gifted singer taking up the study and practice of the pianoforte in a professional sense. Lablache, according to Castil Blaze, even without his magnificent voice would still have been a first-rate virtuoso: he would have equalled Bohren on the violoncello, or Tulou on the flute, since all instruments, from the organ to the Jew's-harp, were within the limits of his domain. Sims Reeves, speaking of his own early life, says: 'When fourteen years of age I played the organ at North Cray church. I studied the pianoforte, under the supervision of John Cramer: I also learned to play the violin, 'cello, oboe and bassoon. In fact, so proficient did I become as a violinist, that at the beginning of my career I not seldom undertook the duties of orchestral leader.' *Musical Opinion* might have added to the list of instances the name of Mme. Sembrich, who, it is well known, is an accomplished violinist and pianist.

An English writer has adopted the idea of putting the rules of harmony into rhyme. Here is a specimen of his work:

But may I write a common chord
Upon the median!
Well, Dr. Pratt, he says you may,
Macfarren says you shan't.

To the supposed reply of a student who says that he will write whatever he has in mind to, because the great masters did the same, Mr. Knowles retorts:

Bach is Bach, and you are you,
And all he does you cannot do.

The book is published by Messrs. Augener and is dedicated to Dr. Pratt.

Piano students and the music public generally are offered a rich treat next Monday evening in Massey Hall, when Rafael Josephy, the renowned virtuoso, will give his only recital in Toronto this season. As an exponent of pure pianism, that is, playing governed by the special charms and limitations of the instrument, Josephy is probably surpassed by no contemporary artist.

The band of the 19th Battalion of St. Catharines won a great deal of praise and credit for itself and the bandmaster, Mr. Peel, at the military concert in Massey Hall on Saturday night last. The members play with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth, as was demonstrated by their spirited rendering of the overture to *William Tell*. Increased refinement of tone will no doubt come in process of time. The citizens of St. Catharines may be congratulated on the possession of such an organization. A noteworthy event at this concert was the introduction of Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of *The Absent-minded Beggar*. Kipling's lines are not grateful material for musical treatment, and the composer has had to content himself with supplying an obvious tune of the conventional order which will not interfere with effective recitation on the part of the singer. While the song may not add to Sir Arthur's reputation, it will no doubt be sung by thousands on account of the relevancy of the verses of Kipling to the universal war talk of the present time. Miss Marguerite Dunn gave a forcible and vivid recitation of Britain's *Foes Are Ours*, which was much applauded. Mr. Ramsay was the vocalist, and made a hit both in the Kipling song and in other numbers. The band at the concert this evening (Saturday) will be the welcome 13th of Hamilton.

The current number of the London *Musical Times* makes the mistake of giving the locale of the recent music festival in honor of Mr. Torrington, as Montreal, and heads the notice, "Mr. Torrington in Montreal." Some months ago I called attention to a similar instance of carelessness on the part of the "someone" who supplies the *Musical Times* with our local news.

A large meeting of music-lovers of the northern part of the city was held in the Church of the Redeemer school house on Thursday evening of last week, and a new society organized under the name of the Toronto Singers Club, with the following officers: Honorary president, Hon. S. C. Wood; president, Mr. George Musson; vice-presidents, Messrs. Philip Jacobi and Courtney Brown; treasurer, A. S. Wigmore; secretary, V. W. Greene; executive committee, Mesdames S. Anderson, W. H. Oiphant, Miss Jardine Thompson, and Messrs. John Macdonald, Thomas Hook, J. R. Coulthard, J. W. Marks, and G. B. Woods; conductor, E. W. Schuch. The first rehearsal was held on last Thursday night. The annual fee for members has been placed at one dollar. The new society should have a wide sphere of usefulness in its section of the city.

An interesting song recital was given in the Conservatory of Music Hall on the evening of December 5 by pupils of Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn. The programme consisted of classical and modern compositions, in which the following pupils performed their parts in a very creditable manner: Misses Emily Findlay, A.T.C.M.; Emily Selway, A.T.C.M.; Katie Millar, Frances Crosby, Ethel Switzer, Sasy

Gibby; Mr. F. T. Beatty. A special word of praise is due to Miss Findlay and Miss Selway, who are singers of some experience and sang on this occasion in an artistic and musically manner. The pupils assisting from the other departments were Miss Marguerite Waste, violin; Mr. T. A. Reid, organ; Miss Madeline Evans, 'cello; Miss Ada F. Wagstaff, F.T.C.M., piano; Miss Bessie Burger, piano.

The institution of monthly musical services at the Church of the Redeemer is an admirable means of keeping a choir up to concert pitch. A season of such work must establish great readiness of reading, as well as excellence of *ensemble*. The work done by this choir at its last service on Monday evening displayed this desirable attribute to a marked extent. Some forty voices sang two Messianic choruses with a volume of tone that suggested a much greater number, and with a certainty of attack and spontaneousness of phrase that indicated thorough study. De Koven's setting of Kipling's Recessional, arranged for chorus by Mr. Schuch, was sung most impressively. Miss Teresa Flanagan sang the Christmass recitations from the *Messiah* with care and correctness rare in one so young. The two gentlemen soloists of the choir, Messrs. Courtney Brown and Mr. Robert Drummond, gave artistic renderings of two popular solos, and the incidental quartette in the Recessional sung by Misses Endicott and George, and Messrs. Brown and Schuch, was sung most expressively. Altogether the service showed Mr. Schuch's resources as both teacher and choirmaster.

Mr. W. Reed, organist of new St. Andrew's church, has recently completed the sale of copyright of several church anthems to the publishing houses of Schirmer (New York) and Ditson Co. (Boston). Mr. Reed's works find ready acceptance at the hands of publishers by reason of their melodious and singable nature, as well as by their increased use, both in Canada and in the States.

The inmates of the Home for Incurables were treated to a most enjoyable concert on Saturday evening. Mrs. G. R. Baker procured the talent, which consisted of a programme of twenty selections, all of which were given in a most finished and artistic style by the Sherlock Quartette Club, the Ladies' Quartette Club, and the Madrigal Club, with six comic songs by Mr. Bert Harvey, and violin solos by Miss Kerr, recitations by Mr. Howitt. Mr. J. W. Flavelle was in the chair.

Miss Jaffray gained a very favorable reception at the recent concert, in Berlin, of St. Andrew's church. The *Neus Record* says: "Her rich and powerful mezzo-soprano shows careful and conscientious training. In *Will Ye No Come Back Again* the charming singer inspired the words with emotion such as is seldom heard. As a recall she sang *Good-Bye* so sweetly that the pleasure of her visit will linger long in the minds of those who heard her."

Cherubino.

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Lady (sitting for portrait)—And make my mouth small, will you, ever so small? I know it is large really, but make it quite tiny, will you? Artist (politely)—Certainly, madam. If you prefer it, I will leave it out altogether.

"Did they give you a tip?" asked a restaurant proprietor of a new waiter who had just served his first customers. "Yes, sorry," was the reply; "they told me I had better go carry a hod."—Portland Oregonian.

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There is a path which all who wish may tread. It's many winds, nor need they fear to pluck The fruit that hangs within the reach of all. It will not satiate, but rather whets The appetite for more, so that they grow Masters of all that in their pathway lies. And soon they learn to pick the choicest fruits That grow in this great field of literature. So let us live that when the time does come, As come it must, when our poor brains refuse To harvest more, that we may find a land A store, brimful, and running over, on which To feed as we float down the stream of time Unto that port from which we never return, And in which harbour we forever rest. Then shall we find we've labored not in vain. Port Perry, Dec. '99. G. M. GIBBS.

Books for The Holidays.

THE United Kingdom, a Political History, by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., in two volumes, price \$4, published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, is a work of the very first importance—so important, for instance, that I do not feel competent to write anything more about it than a notice of the fact that it has been issued, until after I have read it. Already I have read enough of it to enable me to enthusiastically agree with those reviewers who have pronounced it the finest example of Dr. Smith's perfection as a stylist and the highest product of his intellect. I am told that local booksellers are finding this work in much immediate demand, and I shall be surprised if this Political History of the United Kingdom—judging by so much as I have read of it and by the enthusiasm it has aroused in others—does not do more for Goldwin Smith's permanent reputation than all his previous work.

Three capital books for boys that are placed on the market for the present holiday season by the Copp, Clark Company are: The Red Book of Animal Stories, edited by Andrew Lang; Yule Tide Yarns, edited by G. A. Henty, and A Roving Commission, or Through the Black Insurrection of Hayti, by G. A. Henty. The work by Andrew Lang will take a place in literature, for it is an admirable admixture of fable, natural history, folklore and adventure, served up in simple and chaste English, beautifully bound and lavishly illustrated. Although the price of this volume is \$2, it is a conspicuous bargain at that figure, and will be preserved as a treasure by a boy even after he grows up. Yule Tide Yarns is a rattling fine book for boys who love tales of adventure. In it are ten stories by different writers, including: G. A. Henty, John Bloundell Burton, Lieut.-Col. Percy Groves, Robert Leighton, George Manville Fenn, and other well known writers. In the book are forty-five page illustrations by good artists—pictures that will fascinate the eyes of any healthy boy. This book, in cloth, sells at \$1.25. The other book, a long and stirring story by Henty himself, entitled A Roving Commission, is an exceedingly handsome book bound in red, with picture cover and ten page illustrations. It is a fascinating adventure story of a young Englishman who passes through the colored insurrection of the Haytians against their French masters about one hundred years ago. The young hero is so successful in his operations on sea and land that he is rapidly promoted from midshipman to commander. The boy who has not a taste for reading needs a Christmas dose of Henty. The Copp, Clark Company is selling a lot of Henty's novels, all specially and handsomely bound to serve as gift-books, at from \$1 to \$1.50.

The Court of Boyville, by William Allen White, is a series of stories about boys that I wish to strongly recommend to big and little. It ranks in the first class. If it is inferior to Mark Twain's boy-stories, it is because Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn shared in real adventures and a story of continuous purpose was possible, but these Boyville stories are unsurpassed for their true insight into boy-life. I doubt if any other writer knows the real boy-heart as White knows it. No man can read this book without calling up a host of reminiscences. You fear, at times, that he knew you and is writing about you. Piggy Pennington and Bud Perkins are truly human boys—bold and plausible when in the wrong, awkward and sheepish when doing some good action; ready always for a fight and always able to prove that it was the fault of the antagonist. I do not know just how boy-readers will regard the book—no person can ever tell, although particularly dull adults think they know their own sons—but I am very sure that it will be of immense value to mothers as interpretative of boy-character. Of one thing I am sure, that mothers may make their boys hypocrites, but they cannot change them from what they are in The Court of Boyville. This admirable book is brought out by The Publishers' Syndicate (Limited), Toronto, and is handsomely bound as a holiday gift-book.

My Study Fire, by Hamilton W. Mabie, has been illustrated in a very charming way by Maude and Genevieve Cowles, who have won for themselves such a high reputation. They have a fine feeling for nature and character and have succeeded in making an attractive book more attractive. Price, \$2.00. G. N. Morang & Co.

An exceedingly interesting book is Bob, the Story of our Mocking Bird, by Sidney Lanier. (The Publishers' Syndicate, Toronto.) Decorated cover \$1.50. The story of Mr. Lanier's pet mocking bird is quaintly and charmingly told with great humor and tenderness. The illustrations, all made with great care from nature, have been most beautifully reproduced in color, and are as artistic and delightful as is the narrative.

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Two Miss Jeffreys is another series of character sketches by David Lyall—well worth reading. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

Agatha Webb is a new story by Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Rohlfs). It is an ingeniously concocted detective story and very thrilling. It is published by Geo. J. McLean, Toronto.

The Life of Nelson, by Capt. A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., is a standard work. It is a study of the one man who in himself summed up and embodied the greatness of the possibilities which sea-power comprehends. The name of Nelson arouses the enthusiasm of every true Briton. Two vols., price, \$3.00. Geo. N. Morang & Co.

London *Outlook* says: Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith were on the point of leaving Canada for England when the last mail left, and the hospitable doors of the Grange, Toronto, remain closed for the winter. The shrill note of the Professor may soon be heard in the English press, for his friends say he is more than usually angry with his native land.

here that all the books mentioned on this page are, in my opinion, worthy the attention of holiday book-buyers, and in any case where readers are unable to see a book at a local dealer's they may safely order it by mail from whichever publisher or bookseller is mentioned as handling it. It is to facilitate Christmas book-shopping that this page is devoted just now. Perhaps a great deal of money is spent in other ways for holiday gifts that might much better be expended for books.

Arthur J. Stringer has just had published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, a volume of short stories, entitled The Loom of Destiny (cloth \$1.25). Properly speaking they are not short stories but incidents—such unfinished but suggestive incidents as one might see when rushing through a city in a railway coach with observant eyes peering from a window. Most of the incidents treat of street urchins of New York, and one of the best tells how newsboy was picked up by a rich lady who thought of adopting him. She carried him to her country residence, put him in fine clothes, and loneliness falling on him he burst forth in wrath, and in violent language demanded to be restored to his former life. Mr. Stringer is a well-known "Varsity graduate," and much interest is taken in his successes as a writer. The New York reviewers are treating Mr. Stringer well, and his portrait recently appeared in the *Critic*.

Silas Marner, by George Eliot, is a book that has perhaps a larger circle of lovers than any other work of the gifted authoress. It is the opinion of good judges that she reached the zenith of her perfection in this work. The book is a fine example of the Ideal Character based on Channing's "Symphony of Life." 50c.

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HERE is no city, perhaps, in the Dominion which contains so large a number of ladies to whom the study of art is not merely a delightful pastime, but a serious study, as we are fortunate enough to possess in Toronto. Ladies who from their earliest years have given themselves wholly to its pursuit, whose life has been spent in the midst of art sentiment, and many of whom have personal knowledge of much that is great in the world of art abroad, are numerous in Toronto. Time was when for ladies to have a profession smacked too strongly of masculinity. We occasionally run up against this effete notion yet. Social economists would have us believe, some of them at least, that the social structure is topsy-turvy somewhat at present, when so many ladies seek professions. Not being a social economist I make no attempt to deal with causes—although I think I could straighten out a few things if I had the chance. However, as nearly everybody thinks so, I venture particularly, I can lay claim to nothing original in this thought. To cram a column or two with snap shots of all would be confusing, and defeat the object in view—the emphasizing of the distinguishing characteristics and qualifications of each, for, being artists, no two are quite alike in any respect. The people in Paris at the coming Exposition will probably know more about what women have accomplished in art in Canada if they read the hand-book containing a full account of the efforts of our women in all directions, which is now being prepared. All that is being done in art here shall be recorded in it, and it will be worthy of preservation.

Mrs. M. H. Reid's artistic disqualification for being an R.C.A. lies in the fact, we think, of her being a woman. Being such, she is but an A.R.C.A., and that is a great deal. We have mentioned heretofore many things Mrs. Reid has seen and done. We know her most intimately as a sympathetic exponent of flowers, surpassed by none here, and of interiors, although these do not exhaust her art repertoire. Her latest work has been the study of flower groupings in gardens, not the horticulturalized violets whose life, like that of many individuals, has been cultivated out of them, and which sit in state on our city lawns smirking out an artificial existence with such aggravating propriety that it is no wonder the boys shy sticks at them. Not such, but the old-fashioned garden your mother used to nurse and coddle—a garden in which the poppies, in brilliant mass, swayed and bowed to each passing zephyr; where the yellow marigolds stood erect and gazed straight at you with wide opened human eyes, and the sweet peas drew you by the force of invisible attractions; the stately hollyhocks in which you captured bees at times, and occasionally lived to regret it, not so much on the bees' account as on your own; the narcissus, and Jonquils, and Canterbury bells—and what a list you can conjure up in your mind. Fragrance and freedom left their impress, and you left the garden refreshed and soothed, in spite of its apparent tangle. Several spots in just such a garden Mrs. Reid was fortunate enough to happen upon in the Catskills this summer, the possession of an aesthetic summer resident. If you think such a flower-garden an easy subject, try to paint it. We prophesy for you if you are an amateur, or even a full-fledged professional, a sorry mess. Selection, that valuable principle universally recognized in all departments of life, is nowhere more necessary than in trying to paint a flower-garden. If you care to see several spots such as we have indicated, and enjoy a whiff of their united fragrance, you will find them in Mrs. Reid's studio any Saturday afternoon. For a very delightful studio have Mr. and Mrs. Reid, and very cordial is the welcome they know so well how to give to their friends and to strangers as well.

Mrs. M. E. Dignam has been a prominent figure in art in this country for many years. For twelve years at least she has, through the Woman's Art Association, and privately, sought to unite the scattered forces lying loose all around us. In season and out of season she has striven to form public opinion, sometimes with the usual ante-mortem reward of philanthropists. As an organizer she has recognized ability; as a teacher she is successful in inspiring her pupils. Every Saturday morning from twenty to thirty children may be found in her studio struggling with the fundamentals of art, besides the adults also under her instruction. Dutch art appeals most, apparently, to Mrs. Dignam. Her recent address on Dutch Artists Whom I Have Met revealed an acquaintance with many notables on their native soil. This

summer's visit to the Old Land, and to Holland more especially, has yielded a large harvest, and the walls of Mrs. Dignam's delightful new studio in St. George street are covered with scenes truly typical of Dutchness—interiors whose venerableness and dignity give tone and substance, whose quiet simplicity is so restful, and whose quaint manners are so attractive to the artist; canal scenes, with unwieldy but picturesque boats; heather dunes, with masses of purple in varying tones, underneath skies of gray; subdued, tender, but vital landscapes and characteristic figures have all been faithfully and even powerfully treated, and form a very charming grouping of subjects, quite the best in several qualities we have seen from Mrs. Dignam. Many delightful photographs of the best art of Holland are also there. Israel's masterpiece, Saul and David, Mauve's sheep scenes, and Thompson's also. Some excellent bits in low relief after Florentine sculpture are most interesting. On Saturday afternoons Mrs. Dignam also receives in her private studio.

Two years of unceasing study in Paris, with a substratum of genius as a basis, should build up an enduring art structure of character, and so we find it in Miss Laura Muntz, A.R.C.A., whose original and striking work has left many Canadians astonished, to say the least.

Confident, even daring in touch, broad in manner, and charming in harmonious color, whether delicate or pronounced, is all her work. Her studio, which promises to become a favorite resort of congenial spirits, might be a Parisian one, imported direct, bodily. Old carved furniture, paintings speaking of European models, reproductions of famous Italian and Pompeian mural decorations, and many another art treasure, engage the attention of the visitor. Children especially appeal to Miss Muntz as subjects, as well they might, and more delightful instances of these than are in her studio we have not seen here. A demure little maid, with dreamy far-off look, yet intense withal, who is evidently seeing fairies, sits on a diminutive chair and clasps with motherly confidence a well-bred dolly. The attitude is very pleasing. The golden half-formed ringlets streaming over a dress of bluish gray make a most taking color scheme. Another little maiden, whose key-note as to character and color-scheme is in the pink rose in her hand, with picturesque Parisian cap, gazes earnestly from out eyes of loveliest hazel beneath straying locks of rich nut-brown; rich, warm tones of browns and reds force her well out of her background. A third, a baby in white, evidently not yet well enough acquainted with his anatomy to be able to utilize it all, sits on a red floor investigating the internal mechanism of some toy. Miss Muntz has taken a popular and surely most desirable field in her baby land, for to these "new-born denizens of life's great city" we may always turn for truth, love, for freshness, for innocence, when it seems apart from them these virtues have fled the earth. The little rose lady, we understand, shall be exhibited in Matthews' Art Gallery this week.

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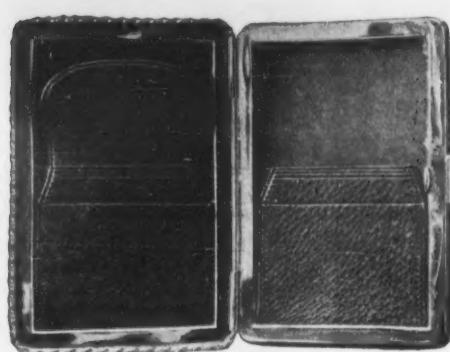
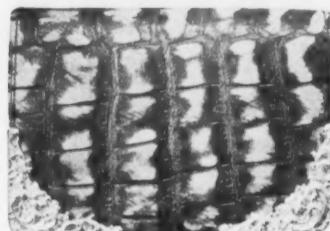
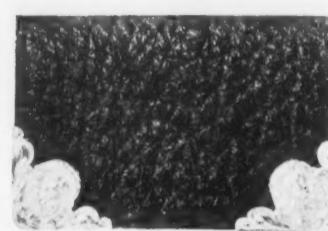
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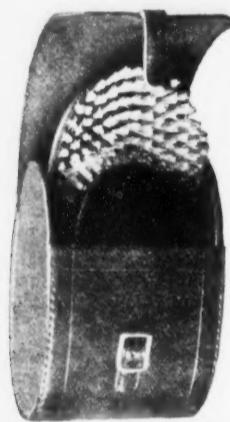
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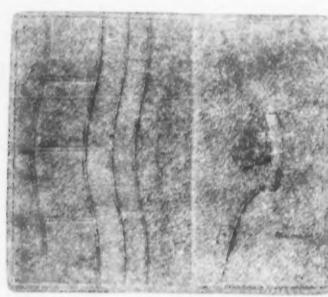
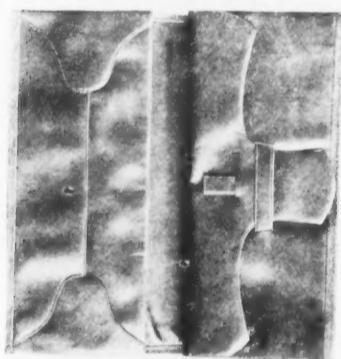
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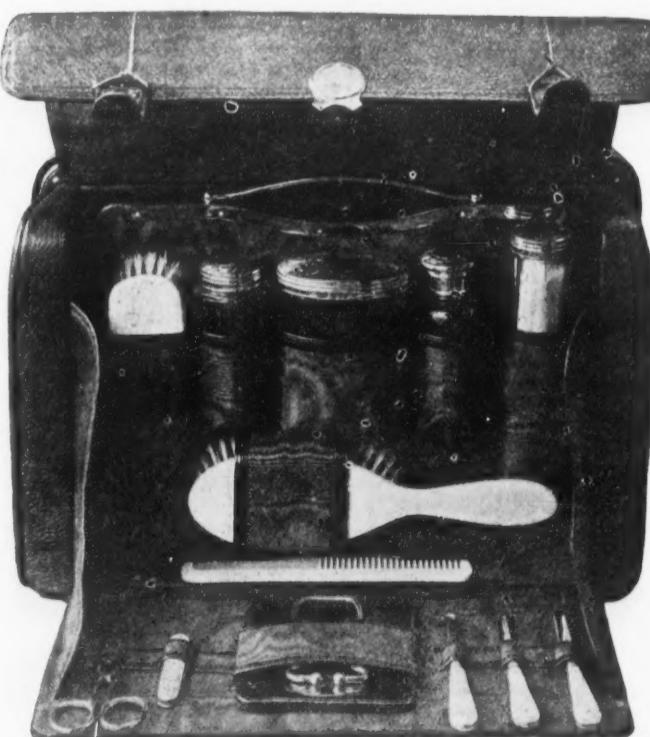


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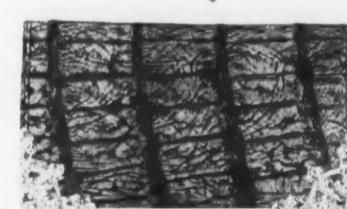
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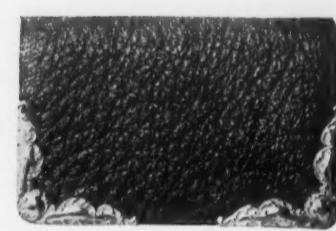
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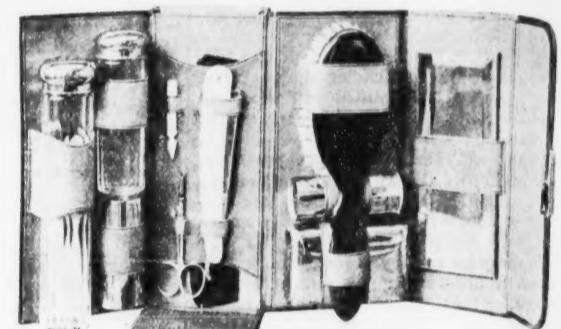
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